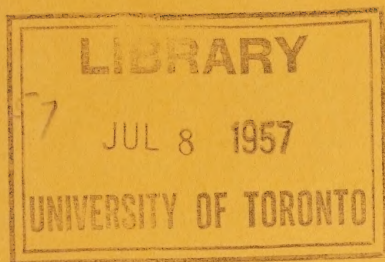


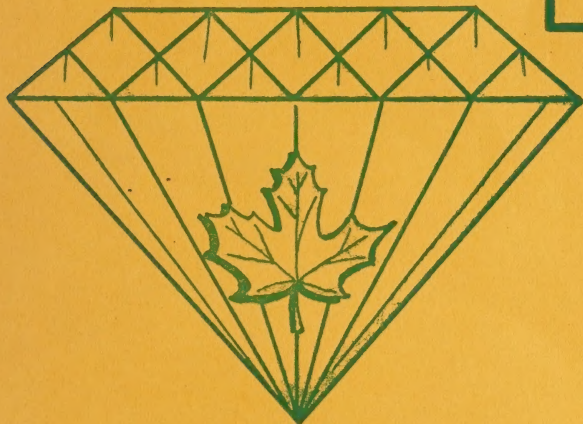
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C.B.



Would You Hire A Jailbird?



The Penal Press Says...



Speaking of Sports



A Litter of Credit



A Modern Fable



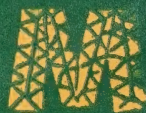
The Inside Story



Lower Town



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THE DIAMOND

FOUNDED 1951

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Statistics (May 20, 1957)

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COLLIN'S BAY DIAMOND JUNE

WORDS OF WISDOM

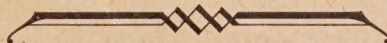
The skilful and unremitting use of propaganda can persuade the majority of people that Heaven is Hell or, conversely, that the most miserable existence is paradise.

.... A Philosopher

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— PLATFORM —

1. To inspire and cultivate moral and intellectual improvement amongst the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary.

2. To aid in overcoming the arbitrary bias which is one of the numerous "bars sinister" to a wayward man's redemption.

3. To discuss progressive and revolutionary penological data, without recourse to partiality, favour or affection.

4. To evince Stoicism and humour, to the end that light shall obtain even in darkness.

5. To elicit the support of Society in welcoming the return of a man from prison who needs help and who is genuinely desirous of seeking his reformation in the highly competitive life of the free world.

An eminent psychiatrist makes some frank admissions regarding the age-old problems of crime and punishment, and poses a challenge to prisoners everywhere.

A Letter To Men In Prison

by Carl Menninger, M.D.

Chief Consultant, The Menninger Clinic

THREE groups of people know that the modern prison system is an utter failure. The wardens and law enforcement people know it, psychiatrists know it, and prisoners know it. These three groups of people, strangely assorted though they may sound, would all agree, I believe, on the following points:

1. There is evil in the hearts of all men, and life is a constant struggle to control it.

2. For various reasons certain individuals fail to control it... too often, too consistently, or too extremely.

3. Some of these individuals go off the deep end so far that they are regarded as crazy. Others are not any more crazy than the average person, and not any less. And so when they go too far they get caught in the system, the theory of operation which is that man must be shut away from the rest of the people for a while in order to show them that crime does not pay and to keep them out of other people's hair.

4. But the result of this system is that they learn that if they are smart enough, crime does pay, look at so-and-so, in high places and low places. Furthermore, those particular fellows that have done the most damage, such as little-girl molesters and a few others who ought to be in jail a long time, generally get out in a few years and go back to their old tricks. So the jail that is supposed to protect society doesn't do it, and the jail that is supposed to reform the offender merely embitters him and teaches him some new tricks, ruins his chances to get a job and cost the state a lot of money.

Now, as I say, some of us well know these facts, but we don't know what to do about changing the system. What is the intelligent, constructive, sensible thing to do with offend-

ers? What could be done that will really protect society from those who can't be reformed and which will accomplish some kind of reformation for those who can be? I'm asking *you!*

In the long run, prisoners know more about this than anyone else, and ought to come up with the best ideas. The law enforcement people all know the present system isn't working, but they don't know what to do. Furthermore, they are hounded by a public that doesn't realize their problems or the problems of prisoners, but expects the traditional practices to continue, chiefly out of fear.

We psychiatrists are overwhelmed with our clinical problems, because there are far more mentally sick people than we have any sort of decent provisions for. We know the futility of the prison system, too, but to tell the truth, we can't put our minds to it. We haven't time. Nor do we really know enough about it, because most of the people we study are obviously sicker than most prisoners.

Incidentally, the improvements in the humane care and treatment of the mentally ill and the change in public attitude toward it sprang very largely from the suggestions, recommendations, and reports of former patients, such as Clifford Beers, and Mary Ward.

So I come back to the point that progressive about the control of social offenses and the wisest handling of offenders for their good and society's protection are likely to spring from the constructive thinking of some who have had personal, bitter experience, and who are able to rise above that experience and devote themselves to the solution of a problem which baffles us all, and the solving of which will be a magnificent life expression for some of those who have suffered.

He who loses wealth loses much; he loses a friend loses more; but he who loses courage loses all.

—Cervantes

Lower Town: A World of Work and Love

William Huddleston

A short time ago I listened to a brief talk over C.B.C. Radio which concerned "Lower Town." This talk, it seemed to me, gave a misleading slant on Lower Town...especially to those of you who have never heard of the place. I should like to enlighten these latter folk as to the whereabouts, the citizens, and the atmosphere of Lower Town as seen through a person who is no stranger to this neighborhood.

Lower Town is the so-called poor or slum section of Ottawa; it is the place most folks unwittingly classify as "the wrong side of the tracks."

The C.B.C. commentator left the impression, it seemed to me that this section of the city housed all the failures; all the misfit citizens who never could...or would...make anything of their lives. The streets and houses were called dirty, run-down, dilapidated. The people had long since ceased their fight for things better. They are, according to the commentator, quite content to carry on from day to day oblivious of the happenings of the world outside their own small sphere.

I have no doubt that the commentator knows full well whereof he speaks. However, I would again like to take issue and present the other side of the story.

In the 1930's, I lived in a town called Belleville; the section in which I lived could well be classed as Lower Town. The building we lived in was known as the Kyle House. It sat on the northern end of Front Street's bustling business section... a tall, black building fronted by a sprawling verandah that covered the greatest part of the building's facade.

The back yard was a huge parking lot. Opposite, and on the very edge of the river was an ominous-looking foundry whose soot-filled smoke belched forth evilly throughout the day and aftimes late into the already blackened night.

The building's hallway, like all tenement hallways must, reeked strongly of pungent cabbage and brown soap. The chipped, scarred walls of the corridor had long since lost their sheen and lustre. The building even at that time was fast nearing the end of its span of life.

My father had left us a short time before to work in Toronto; the place we had known as home before moving to the Kyle House had

been wiped away by the flood. Our meagre furnishings, though humble they were, were all we had... and from the river's swollen edge, we watched the seething, boiling water as it returned the scraps and splinters of our belongings to us by washing them against the shore.

It was not long before we rejoined my father in Toronto. The few remaining bits of furniture were piled into a truck and we set out for the new life that lay ahead of us now.

It was April and the snow fell in a steady, monotonous blanket all the way to our new home.

Cousbourne Avenue was where we stopped. The truck pulled into the drive beside a small, square frame house. The first thing I noticed was a sloping hill alongside and to the rear of the small bungalow. There was an abundance of snow left for some sleighing before the warm spring air lifted it back into the clouds of vapour to fall again later as rain.

Our new home gave life an added zest for my sister and myself and after a short while it seemed we would never have to return to Lower Town and the sooty smoke and the cabbage odours.

This comfortable state of mind proved to be short lived, however, for as the summer came on and the wind gradually shifted to the south, we gradually lapsed into unhappiness again. Foul odours from the city dump scarcely a block away pervaded everything. The kids across the street who were our playmates never concerned themselves over the dump. Their father was a policker; making his meager living by gathering scrap metal, rags, and paper from this evil-smelling field of communal flotsam.

This mode of life continued through the years until I reached adolescence and broke away from an already unhappy and broken home.

The years that followed were fast, mixed-up, and at times ridiculous. They took me through a score of Lower Towns including Ottawa's.

It was during a sweltering July in 1953 when I again revisited St. Patrick Street in Ottawa. I had been released from an institution a short time before located a scant few miles from the city. I was committed for what

was legally classed as a brawl in a Toronto restaurant.

As we drove into Ottawa past the yacht club and down that city's broad, impressive boulevards bedecked with flower beds, I stared incredulously. The trees hung over the roadway and the walks paralleling the street were trimmed with riots of colourful flowers of every description.

I had never recalled Ottawa as being so beautiful.

Gradually, as we drove along, my lady friend and I, the scene changed before our eyes. I could feel the blood coursing through my veins, racing ever faster as I nosed the car through the heavy metropolitan traffic. The sweltering heat that glared up from the pavement and the crowds were strangely comforting to me now. The exhaust from the cars around us coupled with the numberless city smells was sweeter to my senses than any floral perfume I had left a scant few blocks behind.

We turned on to St. Patrick Street and there, about half-way down the block numbered one hundred, I pulled onto a field between what had once been two magnificent store buildings. Leaving the car, I was led by my companion to the rear of one of the buildings. I saw that the garage had been converted into a hen house; the chicken wire stretched in twelve-foot lengths upward and inside a crowded confining area hens clucked busily to themselves, pecking idly at the ground, ignoring us completely.

The back of the building had a balcony-type verandah with a single stairwell leading upward to the dwelling above. As we neared the first landing we were greeted in French by a woman who stood hanging out her washing.

We reached a screen door and without the least hesitation my lady friend swung it open and we entered into a small kitchen. The wallpaper was clean and bright; the linen on the table had the crisp, well-washed look; the window frames boasted a fresh coat of paint and small red tassels hung pertly from spotless curtains.

The girl who appeared smilingly from the living room was typically French. Well proportioned, happy and handsome. She was a sister to my wife-to-be. The living room was equally small and equally as clean. The bedroom walls were covered with large red rose patterns and, while the furnishings were not sumptuous, they were neat and well-kept.

As we sat there, the atmosphere of the place began to settle on me. Things about me were calm, cool, homey...here was a place to re-

lax. Here was a house...nay, a home...filled to the brim with happiness; this was the *real* Lower Town.

Once back into the car, I drove slowly down the street. Little children ran about bare to the waist. The old folks sat silently contented on the front porches, satisfied to partake of the warm summer air and perhaps to recall other times; perhaps harder times...or easier ones...and I could detect an occasional faint smile on the faces of those we passed.

To me, those houses were not "dirty derelicts" of a by-gone era. To me they were life. Life at its best. Its fullest. The so-called dirty streets had their moments. When the rain fell, those buildings took on a new light...if only for a little while...and their faded pinks sprang to vivid life, bright and clear, and once again they lived. The asphalt street with the old trolley tracks looked like a highway of jade with two silver bars running down the middle. And there is nothing old; there is nothing but happiness.

These people are citizens of the world. They love to live for they seem to have an innate understanding that in order to live you must love. There worries are few and insignificant...even unto themselves. But their lives are big. If a man here loses his job he picks up a case of beer, goes home, and together with his friends and family they laugh and joke, and the next day he gets another job. And life goes on...

In the flower-rimmed boulevards uptown...if life could be so free of complexity! If a man there loses his job or his standing he is disgraced. His friends are quicker to ostracize. He is not as easily prone to accept defeat as philosophically as the people of Lower Town.

The Crash of '29 is an illustration in point. How many people willingly gave up life rather than face defeat...or summon the courage to fight back?

There is a song that describes Lower Town...*"Love laughs at kings...Kings don't mean a thing...On the street of dreams"*...

St. Patrick Street, Jarvis Street, Bourdges Street in any Lower Town anywhere is a dream street...at least to those who live there. For these people know how to live; they can move up to the flowered streets too, perhaps. But those who have never lived there can never move down to Lower Town. For Lower Town is too real, too honest, too hard and too human. These people are not able to live in a world of work and love. This is the *real* Lower Town...happy, carefree, bright, clean, sad, and wonderful.

Does The Public Have A Right To Know?

By
W. D.

Public enlightenment regarding justice in our courts is a healthy function of any democracy, but certain handling of court news is not always amenable to the principals involved.

At the beginning of the proceedings at a trial a short time ago, the lawyer for the defendant requested that the members of the press be barred from the courtroom. The presiding judge refused the request with the statement, "The public has a right to know what is going on."

This attitude was maintained in spite of the fact that everyone concerned, including the judge, members of the court staff, lawyers and reporters, knew that the evidence to be presented would not be sufficiently interesting to make a "news" story.

This fact was further emphasized when the representatives of the press absented themselves from the hearings before their conclusion and were satisfied to wait for the verdict of the court without hearing all the evidence presented in this particular case. The following day, a 3-line news item appeared in the daily press, giving only the man's name, the sentence handed down by the court, the name of the institution at which the sentence would be served, and lastly, the nature of the offense.

As a result of this seemingly insignificant notice in the press, a notice completely denuded of any enlightening testimony or qualifying statements, the defendant, without any recourse whatsoever, was subjected to the harsh and damning judgment of an uninformed public.

Every one of us has observed, at one time or another, the absolutely absurd conclusions at which the general public can arrive after they have read what would be considered the fairly complete record of our more famous murder trials as reported in the daily newspapers.

Is it not logical then to assume that if the average individual can come to nonsensical and unfair judgment when presented with a reasonably complete record of testimony presented in any single case, this same individual will undoubtedly draw even more unfair con-

clusions about a case of which only the barest essentials are noted?

We are not questioning the right of any newspaper to publish anything and everything which might be considered news, nor are we even supposing that they do not have a responsibility to keep the public well informed. We may challenge the methods employed by certain newspaper syndicates in supplying their public with news items which have a questionable "news" value, but that is subject material for a full-length article in itself, and is not necessarily applicable to the theme of this particular thesis.

What we are questioning here is the insensible responsibility which must be shouldered by the editors and owners of newspapers in allowing their court reporters to condense the evidence of a two—or three-day trial into a two—or three-line notice in the press. According to law, they have every right to do so, but if these men who possess such tremendous powers to sway the reading public are as genuinely concerned with the rehabilitation of criminals and, in particular, first-offenders, as they profess to be, then we feel that the unwritten law must be kept sufficiently pliable so that consideration might be given to the individual concerned, his eventual rehabilitation and return to his rightful place, and the circumstances surrounding his particular case.

One must admit that of late various syndicates have indicated their intention of discussing (which means the eventual moulding of public opinion) issues with regard to crime and criminals. Recently editorials have appeared in different newspapers regarding proposed changes in the nation's narcotics laws, the probation plan, and the proposal to build three new federal penitentiaries. The discussion of such public issues is a step in the right direction. But it is not enough. Invariably these editorials and articles present the pros and cons of large problems in a vague, general

sense. Surely it is time to give consideration to the individual human beings who are directly effected by this legislation and the discussion concerning same.

Of even greater importance is the consideration which must be given to those human beings who are directly effected by any publicity given them by the press. One might inquire as to what possible effect a short notice in the newspaper can have on an individual.

Actually, the effect can vary from negligible to profound, depending a good deal upon the person's personality. There are those people who have the ability and the maturity to rise above adverse criticism while others of a different nature are overwhelmed by it. However, be that as it may, the result will ironically include the alienation of one's acquaintances, particularly in a business sense, hardship of a physical, mental or spiritual nature (or a combination of these) for the individual's family and certainly a loss of respect for the man himself. Some portion of this, if indeed not all, could be avoided.

Naturally there are those citizens who will endeavor to prevent any changes in the system of court reporting by saying that any offender should have thought of the effect his misdemeanor would cause. This may well be, but the far more Christian attitude would be to help a man, to give him a boost rather than worsen his already sorry lot.

They may even suggest that this unfavorable publicity must stand in order to atone for the crime. However this is not so, according to law. Any man who is arraigned and found guilty theoretically pays his debt to society by serving his sentence as imposed upon him by the court. If a man is sentenced to serve his term in a county institution, or a reformatory, or a federal penitentiary, or indeed if he is to be given a suspended sentence, there should be no suggestion that he be required to labour under the additional punishment of public condemnation, particularly that additional punishment of a public misled by incomplete and slanted newspaper accounts.

Some citizens will go so far as to say that court reporting is essential for the protection of society. Can anyone honestly say that the community is protected by this sort of publicity? If so, how? The only people who may be said to be protected, or "warned," against the offender are those of his acquaintance and with them they are not necessarily safeguarded. If a man convicted of breaking and enter-

ing is determined to repeat his offence upon release from prison, he certainly will not send a note in advance advising his intended victim of his intent. And though a shopkeeper has read in the press that John Doe has been convicted of Breaking and Entering, he will not know that this same John Doe may be planning to rob his establishment at some time in the future. It follows then that this merchant actually has not been protected by his knowledge gleaned from the daily newspapers. A criminal accused of obtaining money under false pretenses will undoubtedly change his name if he intends to repeat his offence. A sex maniac released from an institution will not knock on a door and inform the lady of the house that he intends to criminally assault her daughter the next day. Consequently these citizens are not protected simply because they may have read about these particular law-breakers in the newspapers.

It becomes obvious that no particular good is realized from publicizing criminal offenses in the daily press. Indeed, it might be admitted that the only real excuse for the publication of such news is to satisfy the morbid curiosity of one segment of the general public. Any person, editor or otherwise, who claims that this sort of news must be printed because the public demands it and that without it, the circulation of the paper would suffer, need only to look to the British press for proof of the fallacy of his belief.

It is an established fact that the majority of newspapers in Great Britain do not pay heed to news of a criminal nature and yet these same publications certainly do not suffer from lack of circulation. One can only conjecture, of course, whether or not there is a direct connection between the amount of publicity accorded criminal offenses in the press and the amount of crime committed in any country. It cannot be denied that Great Britain with a minimum of attention given to crime and criminals enjoys a much lesser crime rate per capita in comparison with the blatant publicity given to crime in Canadian and U.S. publications.

One has only to note the corresponding overwhelming crime rate per capita in both countries as compared with Great Britain. Can we not assume that there might possibly be some connection between the amount of crime committed in a nation and the elaborate notoriety afforded crime in its publications?

But to get back to the effect of publicity of

a first-offender: If a man has committed an offense however minor it may be, and the crime and conviction have been written up in the newspapers, this same man may experience considerable difficulty in rehabilitating himself, particularly if he is given a suspended sentence with probation. By being given a suspended sentence, the offender is not required to spend any time in an institution and thus must return to society and endeavor to re-establish himself immediately following the publicity he has received from the press. He may encounter considerable difficulty in securing employment, not because he necessarily lacks the ability, but rather because in the prospective employer's mind, this man is associated with that very vague term, "crime."

It cannot be denied that there are those few Christian individuals who are willing to give an offender a chance to prove that he is willing and eager to live a righteous, law-abiding life, to atone for his past transgressions against society. But neither can it be denied that in the vast majority of cases, all too few employers are willing to accept the responsibility of giving a man with a criminal record the opportunity to prove himself. We say "willing" to accept the responsibility because in many cases the employer himself may want to help a reformed criminal but he is apprehensive of the press and public opinion; the effects it may have upon his business, other reactions of his employees once it becomes known that their fellow worker is a person with a criminal past.

It could not take too many refusals to make a man wonder if it were at all possible to make a comeback. If this person had a particularly strong will, he might be able to get, and hope that eventually he will be able to change to, a position which would make better use of his skills. Of course if we are to face facts honestly we will admit that this sort of stoic ac-

ceptance of adversities is extremely difficult for anyone, including people who are not trying to overcome the oppressive obstacle of a criminal record. For a man who not only has to overcome such an obstacle, but to do so with the psychological fact indelibly imprinted in his mind that the majority of the public are too preoccupied to end avor to help in any tangible manner, it is small wonder that occasionally he is tempted to give way to his frustrations, and indeed even to return to his life of criminality out of sheer desperation.

Possibly we should emphasize the fact that we are not suggesting that all these difficulties and obstacles are erected merely because of publicity given to criminal offenses in the press. But we do believe that undue and repitious publicity does contribute to this state of affairs which could possibly be changed if the press were to ignore at least minor if not all criminal offenses.

It was suggested primarily that editors and owners of newspapers and magazines must shoulder most of the responsibility in regard to what appears in their publications embracing criminal offenses. But must they accept this responsibility alone? We think not, in spite of the fact that any ultimate publishing of news rests solely with them.

We believe that presiding magistrates and judges should bear a portion of the responsibility. Bearing in mind that no magistrate or judge would be justified in ordering a court reporter or an editor not to print such news (even though some cases are held "in camera" by order of the court), he would be quite justified in suggesting to the responsible persons that such publicity would be detrimental to the rehabilitation of the prisoner and consequently it would be preferable if the case in question received no notice in the press.

BARS

By Anonymous

Why are you, Bars?

To confine and cage and protect and subdue? And to torture?

You are likened to a man I never met before, Bars. You are as a superhuman of steel; silent, tall and straight, and coldly unyielding. Like something I have never seen before. Yet like something I have always known. Always just ahead of me. And behind me. Always too close. Always Bars.

Bars.

Were you born here, Bars? Or where was

your beginning? In the smothering depths of the Mesabi? Were you uprooted from a mother's womb, brutally subjected to scarring tortures until you were a pliable nothing? Then, in the binding hands of others, were you fashioned to suit a purposeless purpose? Why weren't you made into something more useful? Why into Bars?

We have a lot in common, you and I. You are imprisoned too. And you are your own prisoner and your own keeper. Forever. Even after the stone and brick and mortar around you crumbles into dust and blows like nothingness into the sky, into other things. Even then shall you stand rigid, guarding, defying; the

EDITORIAL

Friends In Deed

In the oftentimes depressing aura of prison, it is a simple matter to lapse into a mood of self-pity and deplore one's sorry lot; to vilify and condemn our oppressors...society...and justify everything by pointing up the wrongs, real or imagined, as merely another blatant example of man's inhumanity to man.

But occasionally something or someone comes along to jar us from such negative reveries. The most effective stabilizer for the convict mind is to hear of some selfless individual who not only professes sincerity in the cause of prisoner reclamation, but extends his energies and resources beyond the realm of mere lip service.

Such a man would most assuredly be the ex-detective we recently read about who applies his beliefs in practice by hiring ex-convicts in his home-insulating business.

"When a man who seeks employment can say, 'I'm an exconvict!' and get a job as easily as a non-offender," the ex-cop says, "then we will have cured one of society's worst ills.

More than half of his 45 employees are former inmates of penal institutions and, according to him, he has yet to suffer disappointment as a result of his policy. Ironical also is the fact that some of these men were previously arrested and sent to prison as a direct result of the ex-detective!

In the same vein, picture if you can the following newspaper advertisement:

Wanted...Man or boy, 18 to 23 years of age. Must have court record. Prefer man who

The above appeared in an Oklahoma newspaper recently. It was placed there by a young contractor, Noel Phillips.

There is a newsworthy story behind the placing of that ad, moreso because its author was at one time a convicted felon himself.

Phillips began at an early age compiling a record for criminal rebellion. His first confinement was at the Stringtown State Training School in Oklahoma. He escaped from that institution but his mother talked him into returning voluntarily. On his readmission he was sent to the Federal Correctional Institution at Englewood, Colorado. He was paroled at the age of 15 in 1949.

On release, he found work with a building

contractor and took apprenticeship training as a bricklayer and mason. In 1952 he founded his own company. Since his beginning in the business world he has, he estimates, hired almost 500 parolees or former prisoners and has helped many more find suitable employment.

"I would like to start something like a Boys Town," Mr. Phillips says. "The center would be a clearing house for former convicts and parolees needing work. Most men just out of prison are eager to work, to do anything to get back on their feet...but too often they don't get a chance."

By their actions, Mr. Phillips and the ex-detective now join the swelling ranks of such prison benefactors as Charles Ward, Margaret Mitchell, C.I. Blackwood, and Lewis E. Lawes.

Exit The Redhead

Former Diamond Editor Bill "Red" Jones has departed this concrete and chrome corral for the environs of a taxpayer's mundane existence (it should happen to you!).

Rather than dwell on any pollyanna recap of the Rapscaulous Redhead's many local activities and accomplishments on behalf of his fellow inmates, we merely add The Diamond Staff's best wishes for every future success to those of his many friends here.

Paraphrasing a certain distiller's advertising symbol, "It has been a pleasure."

"A Very Real Punishment"

Prison life everywhere is pretty much the same. After all, a convict is just as much in prison in this penitentiary as in a prison at Dartmoor or Dannemorra. Life inside the walls is something a prisoner endures rather than enjoys, but two things make life more endurable in any institution. First, liveable surroundings; second, training and educational facilities. If one were to judge an institution by the content of its penal publication, the worst oftentimes is made to look like the best...and not a few overzealous prison writers portray contemporary gaol as little less than plush country clubs wherein pampered felons languish in perfect socialism.

But regardless of how the picture may be painted; despite the real facts of prison life today, few thinking people will ever seriously arrive at the conclusion that life in prison is preferable to anything else.

EDITORIAL

And, despite a growing trend toward portraying prison life circa 1957 as one big roundelay of ball games, schoolwork, shop training, hobbycraft, movies, stage shows, ad infinitum, a convict is still very much a convict; a numbered statistic of Justice, a branded social leper in the eyes of mass society. He is still one who asked, and received, everything he asked for (alas!).

And closer to our own situation here at Collin's Bay, we acknowledge in all fairness that there is a concerted effort to prepare a man for release by offering vocational training and academic advancement. And that while contemporary penology has progressed, finally from the era of the shaven head and the ball and chain, the road ahead is still being paved. The swing from retributive punishment to reclamation has only been in effect here in Canada for the past nine years. Canadian penologists recognize the fact that there is still much to be done about our prisons and as always, the process of effecting changes is painfully slow.

But lest outsiders be misled through other mediums of communication that this prison...

or any other prison... is anything less than plush country clubs wherein prisoners languish in perfect socialism enjoying all the comforts and benefits of a free society, we would point up the fact that these prison walls stand to confine prisoners...not to keep citizens out. No prison we ever heard of has ever operated for the pleasure of its inmates. Prisons still operate as places of detention. This function is primary. Rehabilitation is secondary, for individual reclamation depends entirely upon the attitudes and desires of the particular inmate. And the burdens and adversities of the Collin's Bay prisoner and his family and loved ones are just as real and profound as were those of prisoners of other generations.

The Commissioner of Penitentiaries deftly stated the situation of imprisonment today when he said: "Even the humane and helpful changes that have been made in the treatment of offenders, imprisonment, with its loss of liberty, regimentation and discipline, its long hours of cellular confinement, its complete removal of the individual from his family and home ties, still remains a very real punishment for criminal behaviour."

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

The Lord's Prayer has had to withstand considerable abuse, especially from children trying to learn it from enunciators or from mumbling congregations.

FROM A MENCKEN CHRESTOMATHY

"When I say crime, of course, I mean the thing in its conventional sense. In the abstract it scarcely has any existence. Practically all so-called crimes are justifiable on occasion, and nine-tenths of them, to certain kinds of men, are unavoidable on occasion. It is a platitude that you will find quite as many intelligent and honest men in the average prison as you will find in the average club, and when it comes to courage, enterprise, and determination — in brief, to the special virtues which mark the superior man — you will probably

One little boy was heard to pray, "Harold be Thy name."

Another begged, "Give us this day our jelly bread."

A New York child petitioned, "Lead us not into Penn Station."

find a great many more. But society, in order to protect the weak and botched against the bold and original, has had to proclaim certain human acts, under certain circumstances, as too dangerous to be permitted, and hence as what we call criminal. Most of us aspire to the majority of these acts in secret, and some of us commit them surreptitiously, but the man who performs them in such a manner that the fact becomes notorious is a menace to the security of the rest of us, and we go through the solemn hocus-pocus of seizing him and trying him, and pump up in indignation over his rascality, and finally visit upon him the thing called punishment." —H.L. Mencken

BARS

immovable god-father, the timeless watchman over the paper-thin fallacies of man.

Your powerful tentacles stretch horizontally and vertically, like a waking monster, weaving insane patterns from floor to ceiling, super-

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imposed over windows and doors, embracing every cavity, every gap, every potential gap.

There is no escape from you, Bars.

Like myself.

We Who Stand To Be Counted

By Tom Runyon

[Editor's Note: "We" are convicts who stand at our cell doors to be counted each day for months and years and sometimes decades. The thoughts, opinions, actions and desires "we" express are those of the writer and most of his friends and acquaintances...not all; but most. Offered in the interest of better understanding between citizen and prisoner, this sketchy account at least attempts to be objective. "We," by and large, are exactly like our more fortunate counterparts who walk the streets as free men and have troubles of their own. "We" are, for the most part, those convicted of crimes against property, so our reactions in some particulars are our own.]

Tom Runyon, author of this piece, is now dead. Until the time of his death, he was serving a life sentence in the Iowa State Prison at Fort Madison.]

To begin with, we do not like prison or any part of it. Even when we are taking part in athletics, even when we are laughing and apparently carefree, we don't like it, for the strain of living under unnatural conditions is always with us. Our troubles... with our sentence leading the list... are never far from our thoughts. If we are serving a term of years, and not life sentences, we can tell to the day, almost to the hour, when we are due for release, even though that all important hour may be many years in the future.

Neither do we like policemen, although we respect the honest "copper." The word "police" covers a great deal of ground in our vocabulary. It means not only the officer who walks a beat; it means sheriffs and marshals and supreme court judges and even, sometimes, the plain citizen. It depends on how the person acts and appears whether or not we label him "policeman." This does not necessarily mean that we hate every person so labeled; it may mean that we merely dislike him, merely distrust him. Our attitude is probably similar to the pioneers' attitude toward the savage.

Presumably, none of us were born with a dislike for the policeman, but some learned it almost in the cradle. It is almost an instinct, if not learned for ourselves with bitter experience, then brought to us by the experience of other prisoners...generations of prisoners... who never forget, and never fail to pass on, the real or fancied wrongs received from the "police." A man will not remain long in prison before he feels that pervasive dislike. James Agee, in the documentary film, "The Quiet One," might well have been speaking for

prisoners when he said "...lest the generation of those maimed in childhood, each making the next in its own image, create upon the darkness, like mirrors locked face to face, an infinite corridor of despair."

But the reader must not get the idea that we spend our time standing around and hating. Indeed, a casual visitor might get the idea we like it here if he saw us congregated on the yard at noon, in animated conversation with much laughter and loud talking. Some of us will be playing cards, some walking up and down the yard as we talk, some listening to news reports from the radio, some merely sitting apart, resting.

We laugh a lot, sometimes pointlessly and needlessly, perhaps on the theory it is just as well to laugh...it does no good to cry. Sometimes we laugh at things that might make a good and sheltered citizen shudder, yet there are no sadistic undertones to the laughter. We laugh because we are no longer easily shocked and because we would not choose to show shock even if we feel it. For the more than casual listener there are undertones to our laughter...undertones of strain, sometimes strain that almost reaches the breaking point. It isn't pleasant to hear that strain...it is even less pleasant to feel.

Many of us try to be fair, to be objective, and to put useless bitterness behind. But it isn't always easy to do that. Perhaps if we were serving as examples, as outside writers tell us we are doing, there would be at least a modicum of satisfaction in our wasted lives. But we know...we KNOW... there is nothing in that trite "example" business. Weren't

hundreds in prison before we came, hundreds who were sent here to serve as "examples" for we who would later become criminals? Did we consider "examples" before we committed our crimes? Of course we did not. To us, the men in prison were not examples, they were merely the "caught." Had we believed we would be caught we would not have committed the crime that caused us to be laid by the heels.

Of course we think about our troubles... our cases... a good deal of the time. And of course much of that thought is along "Why didn't I do that" or "If only it hadn't worked out that way" lines. Most of us would no doubt take a different route if we had to do it over again. While once in a while we refer to honest men as "Hoosiers," few of us really believe it. Few of us see anything "easy" about stolen money.

We stole, most of us, not because we were lazy but because we were impatient. Most of us are good workers, inside as well as outside, but few of us could see that the slow way is often the surest way; we took the shortcut, and as happens so often we found it a very rough path indeed.

But we dare not look behind to often. The mental strain of dwelling on the "might have beens" is too great. There is danger in spending too much time on the back trail. Back down that trail lurks "The Man With The Net"... insanity. Even if the psychiatrist doesn't get us with his rubber hammer, friends will say we have "stood up for too many counts." We dare not dwell on the misery we have caused others; we dare not get too soft. So we wear our poker faces... which sometimes cause us to be labeled "hardened criminals"... and laugh a lot at little.

We are notably unsympathetic toward the fellow who cries about his troubles. The sob of "bum rap" (innocence) seldom gets anything but derision. But once in a while we believe some man IS in here unjustly. For him our sympathy is warm and real, and when allowed to do so we will help him with anything from advice to money. We are almost invariably in sympathy with anyone in Death Row (men awaiting capital punishment). But when he takes his last walk there are no futile demonstrations, little talk and quick forgetfulness.

We are at once tolerant and intolerant. Ideas and acts which might once have been abhorrent are seldom noticed after a few years in prison. We generally mind our own business while asking that others do the same. Our

tolerance is apt to embrace the things and ideas that society disapproves; our intolerance tends to apply to the very thing society says is right. One man expressed this reaction: "I don't care if it is fried chicken. If the Square John says it's good for me, I don't want it. There's a catch in it some place."

For the most part, we suspect the motives of prison officials and law enforcement authorities in general. We think a great deal about our activities and our conclusions are seldom in their favour. But when we sit down and really think about crime and prisons, workable plans for doing away with both have a habit of slipping out of our grasp. One solution... that of turning out all convicts and locking up all policemen... verges on the whimsical.

We worry quite a bit. We worry about our sentences, our health, the future, letters which are late or just don't come at all. With quite literally too much time on our hands we worry a great deal about little things. A physical pain, however slight, can become very important. - A slight can be brooded over until it hatches into hate. When sickness or death comes to those we love outside the walls, we are helpless to do anything but worry. Yes, we worry quite a bit.

Instinctively, we resent prohibition of any kind. We resent intrusion on our privacy, which keeps us up-in-arms much of the time, for privacy of any kind is almost impossible to attain. We do not like having others mind our business for us, but we particularly hate intrusion by fellow prisoners, giving rise to one of our more common expressions: "Do your own time!"

We scoff at the word "Justice" when it enters our conversation. We don't know what justice is, but it seems to us that outsiders feel justice has been served only when some suspected criminal is convicted... outsiders seem to feel that justice has been defeated when a defendant is found not guilty. Out of that feeling comes another of our expressions: "I don't want justice; I want out!" Probably most of us feel we've been punished too severely. It is easy to feel persecuted to some extent even when one guards against that feeling. It is not uncommon for a man to feel that nothing authorities do to him can surprise him; they can surprise him only by doing something for him.

Almost invariably we take the underdog's part on any issue. Most of us are sentimentalists, quick to help when we feel it is deserved. A call for blood donors by the hospital invariably finds too many volunteers. We like pets,

A Letter From . . .

Like the best wine. . . that goeth down sweetly, causing the
lips of those that are asleep to speak.

...Song of Solomon

Dusk. Mail time. The long locking bar creaks slowly into place. You are secure for another night. Secure, and still your thoughts don wings, fleeing disdainfully cellular confines; your mind streaks racing over the miles to other places. other times in another life. Familiar faces slowly focus from the haze of memory . . . family, a sweetheart, a wife, a loyal friend.

The key grates in the barred grill at the far end of the cell block corridor. The door swings open and unconsciously you tense. Why tense?

Because it is mail time. This is reality again.

The footsteps come slowly; slowly louder. A pause; a slight scraping sound of leather stopping on concrete. One caged soul made happier . . . if only for the moment; if only for the briefest microsecond. For the letter that reaches his hand this night may tell of something furthest from his mind . . . his conscious mind . . . at the moment he reaches for the white envelope resting between the cell bars.

"Harry, I got a letter."

"Uh huh."

"How 'bout you?"

"No. Not this time."

Silence.

The sound of awkward, impatient fingers grasping the crackling sheets, smoothing them for quicker scanning.

Silence.

The footsteps increase in volume. Another step. And another. And another. The faintest sound, now, of paper coming to rest on steel.

A bed creak; the maneuver of retrieving.

Resumption of footsteps. They stop. Closer now. Your cell? You look up half-expectantly.

No. Next door. The cell next door. Mac has scored for a letter.

You're next. Maybe you'll be next. Maybe. And then if you miss tonight, what the hell . . . there's tomorrow night. Maybe . . .

You lie back on the bunk and stare stupidly at the wall.

What the hell are you getting so worked up about? It's only a letter. A measly patch of folded, glued paper with a penned message inside. A message carefully composed; not spoken spontaneously.

But spontaneous words . . . spoken words . . . from a loved one or a friend or from family . . . are hard to come by in prison. Unless you're fortunate. The luckiest of the lucky. If you have visitors once a month. Or every few months. Or once a year. Then you can revel in the luxury of the spoken word; catch the inflections, sift them, and classify their meanings. But when they're set down on paper . . . well, a word is a word is a word . . .

The shadow pauses in front of your door. The sound of shifting envelopes in his hand. You can even hear his breathing and the ticking of his watch.

Okay; drop a letter or blow. Don't play God with my emotions, mister . . . or with my mail. If you've got something for me, drop it on me and blow. But don't just stand there studying the name by the door.

The sound. There is that sound. Paper on steel. The footsteps retreat away from you now and you turn and look at the bars.

It leans against the bar and you snatch it and study the handwriting on the envelope. A letter from . . .

It's from home.

You study the loops and swirls, trying to detect signs of distress in the handwriting. There are none. Or maybe the envelope was addressed beforehand . . . or some time afterward . . .

Your eyes quickly scan the pages. Everything is in order. Yes, everything is all right. Happy lines...contented...cheerful... reassuring words. Until next time. Yes, until tomorrow night, or the day after tomorrow or next week or next month... or...

Oh, security, you elusive, schizophrenic hellion!

This is how you wait for mail in prison. A day at a time; hour by hour, second by second...until the footsteps begin their trek down

the corridor of caged souls...until the footsteps approach and again you review the sound effects until you have every movement of the mail carrier down to a fine science.

Because mail in prison, like your lifeblood itself, is a requisite, an urgent need, in maintaining equilibrium and contact with things normal. Things living and loving; things no one who has not experienced prison can fully understand.



WE WHO STAND TO BE COUNTED

a feeling which finds outlets in lavishing affection on the stray cats to be found behind the walls of almost every prison.

We are not always so affectionate toward our fellows. Suspicious of unsolicited favours, for experience has taught us there is apt to be a "gimmick" in it, we look askance at the do-gooder. While we are generally considerate, we can be extremely cruel when our sense of decency is outraged. Men are placed in "Conventry" in prison as well as outside, and memories are very long in prison. Most crimes leave us unaffected, for experience has taught us that the crime was probably magnified by the newspapers, but some atrocious crimes horrify us as much as they do those outside the walls.

Although we are considered dishonest by the good citizen, we are notably honest about paying our debts and respecting the property rights of our fellow prisoners. The deadbeat or petty thief soon finds himself well known, and well despised, among his fellows; the "grapevine" sees to that. And once his faults are known he finds difficulties in his path as does his counterpart outside.

Our thoughts are on the outside a great deal of the time. Those with foreseeable futures outside the walls make many plans...surprisingly practical plans, for a great many go out and stay out. And, of course, some of those plans involve future crimes, although such plans are made by a tiny majority; the man who goes out deliberately planning to risk his freedom again is rare. Even lifers make plans, although theirs cannot help but be of the make-believe kind. But we cannot spend all our time planning, so we grouse and gripe

Continued from Page 11

and gossip. No old ladies' sewing circle could hold the proverbial candle to a group of prisoners when it comes to gossip. A lot of the gossip is harmless, but too much of it is malicious, vicious and harmful to prisoners.

Sports of all kinds are very popular with us. In season, baseball, football, volleyball, softball...all are represented by many teams and players. Sports are followed avidly on the radio with plenty of betting on the outcome of professional games. The stakes are low, but partisanship is high and violent.

Practically all of us are interested in current events, and in that respect having a lot of time on our hands helps us. For we really think about world affairs and the problems of people, be they politicians or Dead-End Kids. While we get all our information from newspapers and the radio, we are apt to be better informed on world affairs than the average citizen simply because we have little to distract our attention. We would gladly trade our isolation for some of the good citizen's distractions, but as long as we cannot do that we make the most of our meager advantage.

Our reaction to the news is almost exactly that of the average citizen. When the little girl fell into the abandoned well in California, apparently at least three-fourths of the prisoners followed the news as anxiously as those neighbours and citizens of California. Like the good people, we never turn a hair when hearing of thousands of deaths in some far-off country... like them, we become thoroughly excited over the death or misfortune of a small child.

"We," in the end, are much like "They" who sent us here.

Too Soon For Too Little

by Anonymous

There seems to be confusion and much conflicting opinion, much searching for the main causes why Canadian prisons are filling with an ever increasing number of youthful offenders. The author advances an unique approach in seeking the answers.



I see no particular reason for all this tremendous waste of money and energy devoted to ferretting out the reasons for the constant lowering of age of Canadian prisoners. I do not feel confused or confounded as I look about me and see many of the young lads here in the penitentiary.

Perhaps those in charge of the search for the reasons are over-looking the obvious. Why not ask the young prisoner himself? Or, better still, use my process. It's quite economical and arrives quite simply at the root of things. Follow me as I find out "why a youngster goes to the penitentiary."

Q: What is your name?

A: John Prisoner.

Q: How old are you?

A: Pretty near eighteen.

Q: How much time are you serving?

A: Thirty months.

Q: How much of that time have you already served?

A: Almost seven months.

Q: What is the nature of your offense?

A: Escaping from (a provincial institution.)

Q: You received thirty months for escape?

A: No, just six months. But I have to finish the two years I received for car theft on my original sentence.

Q: Where you involved alone in the stolen car incident?

A: No. There were two others with me.

Q: What were their sentences?

A: One went to a training school and the other received probation.

Q: Why did you receive the severest sentence?

A: I don't know; I was the oldest, I guess.

Q: Were you represented by legal counsel at your trial?

A: No, just one boy had a lawyer.

Q: Who was that?

A: The one who got probation.

Q: What about the second offender and yourself — did you have any form of legal aid?

A: Well, my dad said it was time I learned a lesson and the other boy, his mother had no money for a lawyer.

Q: Is your father financially able to have secured a lawyer?

A: Yes, but he said he had spent enough money on me.

Q: Do you remember anything outstanding about your trial?

A: Yes, the court said it was going to make an example of me, and one guy said it was about time I learned my lesson.

Q: Were your parents present in the courtroom?

A: Yes. Mom was crying. Made me feel pretty bad and everything.

Q: Did your father come forward to speak in your behalf?

A: Oh, he spoke up. He explained about my juvenile record and how he had always paid for the stuff we took but he said he wasn't going to pay for any car, and it was now up to the court because I was now old enough to know right from wrong.

Q: This went into the record?

A: I guess so. He said when he was seventeen, he was making forty dollars a month and that it was about time I was shown the hard way.

Q: What did the sentencing magistrate have to say?

A: He looked over all the papers he had before him and whispered something to this lawyer, then after a while he said I would be sent to (a provincial institution) for two years less one day because maybe it would help re-

move that streak of larceny I had in me.

Q: What were your intentions when you stole the car?

A: Well, nothing, really. I mean we were just walking along and here was that nice big car. So we stopped and looked it over. Then we saw the keys were right there, and one of the guys said, 'let's go try it out.' Well, I was a little scared. I mean, I can drive and everything, but I never stole a car before or anything like that. I was thinking what would happen if we got into an accident or something. I just didn't care much for the idea.

Q: Then why did you take the car? You knew you would be stealing, didn't you?

A: Yes, I guess so. But I didn't want to be chicken.

Q: What do you mean by that?

A: Just what I said. I'm not chicken.

Q: You took the car, then. Did you intend to return it after you'd stolen it?

A: Sure. We were going to park it around the corner. That's how we got caught. We were putting the car back. We were just sitting there in the car, just ready to get out when two guys jumped out of their car, grabbed us and took us down to the police station.

Q: You mean these two men didn't know the car was stolen when they took you to the station?

A: No. One of the policemen said the car's owner was at a party and maybe they should just let us go.

Q: Obviously, they didn't do that?

A: No. You should have heard the owner when they called him and he came down to the station to see if he knew us. Boy, was he mad! Wow! He was going to beat us up, but one cop grabbed him by the collar and said, 'there'll be none of that, or I'll run *you* in!' That cop was okay. He gave us nearly all his lunch because we were there all night.

Q: So you were sent to a provincial reformatory and you escaped. Any particular reason why?

A: The place was worse than a penitentiary. At least here they don't bother you too much. I mean they leave you to yourself more than in the other place. At (the provincial institution) somebody's always hollering at you for something.

Q: Why?

A: Mostly for petty stuff.

Q: What do you mean, 'petty stuff'?

A: Walking out of step when in line, talking, or maybe fooling around a little bit. Any old thing. One kid broke a sewing machine needle and was charged with sabotage. But we got even. We put salt in the paint they use there, so after a while all the paint peels off.

Q: Why did you run away?

A: I just got fed up with all those rules and every guard had a different set of rules. I just took off, that's all. But I never got off the property. They caught me right there. I didn't know the area so it was a fairly easy thing to catch me.

Q: And they took you to court?

A: Yes. They charged me with escape and they said I should be taught a lesson — maybe four walls would be harder to run off from.

Well, the youth made it. He's in the penitentiary now. If he makes time serve him for a change, there is still hope that as he gets older he will learn patience and a little practicality; perhaps even be tolerant of those people who display so much interest in attempting to ferret out the reasons why he is in prison at all. It is hoped that the solution to the problem may be reached soon. In the meantime, too many of our youth are turning into bad too soon for too little. Let us hope it is not too late.

Human Fallacy

The people responded readily and agreed to do and obey. It resolved never again to be like unto the nations—but could not abandon their ways. It accepted the Eternal as God—but upon every hill and under every green tree it erected alters to wood and stone. It urged that man was God's image—but it would not abandon slavery. It longed for justice but,

fond of bribes, it neither judged the orphan nor did it plead the cause of the widow. It looked forward to peace but periodically became enmeshed in the web of imperialistic ambitions. In a word, it dreamed of the ideal society and even legislated for it, but never got down to build it.

—Solomon Goldman
One God

Our Universities Of Cirme

by Don Hurst

This treatise is directed to outside readers. It points up the fallacy of a prison sentence and the benefits of probation over imprisonment. It should be required reading for everyone interested even remotely in our penological setup; and in this age crime and punishment affects each of us, directly or indirectly — prisoner or free counterpart.

"It should be remembered that when a person goes to jail he goes to a university of crime."

The above is a line taken from a statement made by Judge John Kennedy at a recent trial held before him here in Ontario.

When we read statements like that, we can't help but wonder how many magistrates, judges, and just ordinary working people realize the profundity of those words.

After looking at the complement of various institutions throughout Canada, we would say very few know or have much interest in what goes on behind prison barriers. We have, to back up this latter statement, very real statistics compiled just a few years ago.

In 1954, in England and Wales, those two countries had a combined population of 42,000,000 persons. During that year the courts committed a total of 33,000 citizens who ran afoul of the law in some degree. The courts, at the same time, placed on probation over 40,000 persons.

In 1954, we here in Ontario had a population of over 5,000,000 people, and during that year we had occasion to commit 38,000 law-breakers to institutions while probated cases totalled a scant 5,000.

In other words in Ontario, with a population one-eighth the size of England and Wales, we imprisoned 5,000 more people than they did.

Ontario is certainly not all comprised of thieves and criminals as these statistics would lead us to believe. The answer, in our opinion, lies in our failure to make use of the common sense remedy of probation.

For example, a young offender seventeen or eighteen years of age, who never has been in trouble before, is charged with car theft. In all probability the act itself was an outgrowth of an adolescent caper — something to do; to break the monotony, or to gain momentary recognition; for kicks. To his mind, at the time he committed this violation against the

property rights of others, it was more of a lark than anything else. He could see very little seriousness in the entire affair.

But for this "caper" he is given a one-year sentence in jail. One year out of a teenager's life can be an eternity. One year for one foolish error. One of the price tags for growing up in a hurry — or not growing up soon enough.

After the notoriety — and any news item that connects an individual with perpetration of a crime, no matter how insignificant involves some degree of embarrassing notoriety — he is led away to this new and different life that lies ahead for him. His thoughts are a jumble of fear of the unknown, trepidation, humility, and downright terror that borders panic. To cover up, to compensate, for appearance sake, he assumes an outward cloak of hardness; toughness. It is the code, the standard credential of being "one of the guys" in any institution.

And when those steel doors close behind him and the prison routine engulfs him in one fell swoop, he not only loses the last vestiges of freedom but his self-respect and a good many of the moral inhibitions he may have possessed at the outset. And gradually, steadily, comes the lessening of respect for authority — for everybody.

A young mind works in strange ways. It is impressionable and easily moulded in the hands of others. Under prison circumstances he assumes that people put him there because he is not fit to mingle with the "decent people." So decent people, to his mind, are called "squares" — a pronoun of contempt. There is a great meeting of minds in prison because there is too much time to commiserate, too much idleness and too many have-nots for the young prisoner.

He serves his sentence thus. Justice has now been done and his sentence, after endless eons, finally is ended. But instead of turning out a tradesman, a rehabilitated man ready to assume community responsibility once again, he

Let's Keep The Spoil Sports Away

William Huddleston

Granted there is always an element of danger to life and limb in sports participation — but there are also many a pitfall in crossing the street nowadays. The ingredient of 'risk' is a constant tangible man has always had to take into account. But 'risk' has never been a justification for man's lying dormant.

 F late there seems to be another rebirth of the trend toward condemnation of sporting events which 'threaten life and limb' of participants and spectators.

As a consequence, the world-famous sports-car racing classic at Les Mans, France, has been permanently suspended from future competition. This came about as a result of the accident last year which brought death to a sportscar driver and scores of spectators during the racing event.

Following close on the heels of this tragedy was the Italian counterpart of the Les Mans racing spectacle. A similar accident that proved fatal to one of its more prominent participants and several spectators has led to suspension of this racing tradition also.

It would appear that the tumultuous criticism that arises can be traced to that quarter of those who have no direct interest in the sport. These people vent their words of wrath, unheeding the feelings of those directly involved. They assume the role of mortal messiahs, out to whip the rest of the world into submitting to their way of thinking — regardless of the thoughts, philosophies, sense of satisfaction and enjoyment derived from any sporting event by those directly effected.

Any sportsman, from the sandlot softballer to the sporting parachutist, recognizes the elements of danger involved in pursuing sports, and the very recognition of this fact spurs the individual to become skilled to a fine line of perfection in his chosen sport. Each time he undertakes his game, he willingly accepts the challenge of injury or death. This, in not too few instances, is the high point of many such competitive contests — the ability to perform the near-impossible without achieving bodily harm in the process.

This applies equally to boxing, racing, skiing, bullfighting, bobsledding, wrestling, baseball, soccer, swimming, or pink elephant hunt-

ing. It is a challenge — the tempting of fate, in search of adventure.

As a rule, the material rewards of such endeavors are quite lucrative. We might add, however, that pay is not usually the main driving factor that sends man screaming over mountain passes in high-powered cars, nor is it the mere quest of money that causes man to descend deep into the unknown catacombs of the sea's depths in rubber suits. Nor is it necessarily the winning of a bronze token of achievement.

It is almost always the never-ending challenge to conquer the impossible — or the heretofore impossible — the exploring and shedding of light on the unknown. It is a never-ending search of a new thrill, as in mountain climbing; a new outlet of escape for restless, inquisitive man. It affords also a form of escape from everyday drudgery of a moon-june existence.

Recently a heavyweight boxer died as a result of injuries inflicted by his opponent in the ring. The resulting howls of protest rose to the heavens but, surprisingly, it was short-lived. It could probably be charged to the very real fact that boxing has always been more associated with the hungry elements of our society. That is, those who have to fight to eke out a living. Very few boxers turn professional because they love the sport. It is too grueling, too brutal, too demanding. Because professional boxers are thought of in terms of a form of tradesman — in the game only for the monetary gain — the protestations over a ring death are almost short-lived affairs.

It is an accepted fact that after a young Canadian girl swam Lake Ontario last summer, many people requested that long-distance swimming be stopped. The same chorus came back for a resprise of their predictions of doom when later the same girl attempted to conquer the Straits of Juan De Fuca Sound. Failing on her first attempt, the cries of the oppo-

sition died, or at least lessened. But the resultant victory cheers that heralded her second and successful attempt across the Straits stilled into ironic silence the negative, prohibitive elements.

Here was not a case of merely defying death. This was a youngster with a lion's share of heart who wouldn't acknowledge defeat.

Our social scheme is composed of organizations, sects and factions which claim rightly that strong bodies produce strong, healthy minds. Yet, it would seem that these self-same groups leap to the fore with emotion-charged stands in their efforts to have all Sunday sports banned. We would ask the question of this minority, 'Are sports — any sport — to be played solely on your terms or not played at all?' This stand, obviously, would seem to be the underlying motive of these people.

It is a deplorable, bitter truth that our Canadian athletes by and large rank among the poorest in the world. The recent Olympic

Games held at Melbourne bear out this fact. There is no aid or direct, concerted support from governmental sources in behalf of promoting good competitive athletes and sportsmen. But there are grants readily made available to those in the fields of the arts and letters; or to finance the formation and operation of a committee to study the phenomenon of why white cows give birth to black calves. Would that a similar degree of interest were displayed in the youth of this nation!

It is our feeling that those who cry the loudest about the so-called 'dangerous' sports are the self-same ones who, through a personal lack of ability, fortitude, or proper perspective of intellect, are unable to compete themselves. Somewhere along the road of life they have been by-passed, hence they leap at every opportunity to vent their cries of "inhuman!", not because they believe such to be so, but because they have come to know that it is a means of attracting attention, even momentarily if need be, to themselves.

OUR "UNIVERSITIES OF CRIME"

Continued from Page 16

has transformed into a "rounder"; another follower of the young and constant Dillinger Fan Club.

He learned in prison, all right. But he learned the wrong things. He learned all about the easy money route — the fool's gold.

How can juvenile crime be cut down without recourse to imprisoning the offenders? The first-time offenders? It lies in extending these defaulters a fresh beginning via the Probation Act. If the offender breaks this bond of trust granted him, the probated period or the suspended sentence can be imposed and he can be imprisoned for the specified period. It costs

nothing to give another human being a chance; that is, next to nothing when one considers the overwhelming tax burden of supporting our penal institutions. Especially when there is the greatest possibility of turning the individual into an asset rather than a menace and a continuing financial millstone.

The seventeen or eighteen-year old youth we've cited above is meant to be hypothetical, but there is an element of authenticity in what has been said about him. I know! Because it is my own story. It is something that could very well happen to the kid next door — or even your own son.

THE MODERN ERA

A New York psychoanalyst decided he was spending too much time sitting in his consulting room listening to the verbalizations of the patients on the couch. So he consulted an efficiency expert who told him, "Yes, this does take too much time. I propose that you get a tape recorder, and you can leave the tape recorder in your office. This will record what is said, and later on, at your leisure you can listen to the verbalizations of your patients."

The analyst tried this out and it worked very well. But after two weeks, one time in the middle of the morning, when he was down at

the corner drugstore having coffee, who should walk in but the patient for that hour. The analyst raised his eyebrows.

The patient said, "There's nothing to be anxious about. I decided that I was spending too much time lying on the couch giving my verbalizations, so I consulted an efficiency expert. The efficiency expert told me, 'What you should do is get a tape recorder. You can record your thoughts while you are shaving, or going about other business during the day.' So now, up in your office, my tape recorder is talking to your tape recorder."

The Barred Bards

...A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of thought,
And rolls through all things.

—Ibid



A PRAYER FOR MY SON

"God bless Daddy, too," he said
As he prepared himself for bed,
"Let me grow up big and then,
"Make me like my Dad — Amen."

I gazed upon my little son,
Whose tiny life had just begun;
In simple truth he asked to see,
A future that would always be.

Oh, God forbid when manhood dawns
That he should know the guards and cons;
Of jails and cells with bars of steel;
A challenge even brave men feel.

Now this is mine, oh God, to face
And I know my destined place
To show that I am worthy of
This little lad and all his love.

Let him grow up big and then,
Let Mom and Dad be proud — Amen.

—Cecil Chernick

AFFECTION IN PROSE

A child
Who has grown up
Lacking the love
Of a mother
And a father
Is often too generous
With love.

—Ray Renaud

MAN STRIVES

Man strives for glory, honor, fame,
That all the world may know his name.
Amasses wealth by brain and hand;
Becomes a power in the land.
But when he hears the end of life
And looks back o'er the years of strife,
He finds that happiness depends
On none of these, but love of friends.

—Anon.

LAMENT

I write a poem now and then;
Just let my best pal sight it!
He'll read it, murmur, "This is keen!"
"...But tell me, did you write it?"

—Editor

A MOTHER'S NIGHT VIGIL

A curtain is held at a window,
An anxious face peers at the night;
Eyes shadowed by life's constant worry,
Wond'ring if her dear son is all right.

Now comes a rolling of thunder,
And lightning breaks streaking in flight;
In the flash of the sudden blue glowing,
Troubled eyes ask, "Is my boy all right?"

The storm dies and flees from the heavens,
Mist falls from the still grumbling sky;
Then into the darkness, her whisper;
A sob as she tries not to cry.

The hours wend on toward the dawning,
Still she looks, her gnarled hands clasped in
fright
She'll not leave her place by the window,
Till she knows her dear son is all right.

—Ray Renaud

ONE DAY

We peer into darkness and find naught
But darkness, great impenetrable, still;
Immensity past any finding out, until
Each one alone into its midst be brought,
Perhaps to know the fullness of it all
In one short moment. Many times a year
We at work pause awestruck, when a call
From out the Unseen bids some worker near
Obey and come. This darkness will be spanned
One day by light — we too shall understand.

—Anon.

MOTHER DEAR

We do not need a special day
To bring you to our minds,
For the days we do not think of you
Are very hard to find.
If all this world were ours to give,
We'd give it — yes, and more
To see the face of mother dear
Come smiling through the door.

Looking back with memories
Upon the path we've trod,
We bless the days and years we've had
And leave the rest to God.
Mem'ry is an endless lane
Where hearts are ever true;
A lane we often travel down,
For it always leads to you.

—Philip Hamilton

Reelin' & Dealin'

with Bill & Rick

This edition sings the swan song to the one and only Jimmy Beck. This is the man who will be missed as soon as he departs the confines of this little old bar-bound bistro. Always smiling, even though the roof may be caving in, always a good word for everyone, Jimmy Beck has been a lot of help to the place as a great guy and a real gentleman. Take it easy out on the hardened sod, Jimmy, and we wish you all the best of everything there is and then some...

And next in line comes the guy who would do anything for a million bux. At least that's the way we got it from the Joe Sullivan... Ron Portiss and a brand new case in the making. A postcard and fifteen purses later and the kid is off again...

Al Corrie trying to make a great big decision and it has to be for the better. Congrats to you, Daddy-o...

Larry Meyers from 'way out there in the Quarry gang says that the Rodger and the Monster are trying real hard. You should ever get so lucky, Cheetah...

Joe Lowery and The Dominating Derierre are doing a fine job on the sports field hereabouts. Stick with it, you two. Faint heart never won fair ballfield...

The Jim Jim holding hands yet! Tsk! Tsk! Old as you are, man, you should ever get so lucky...

And the scoundrel known as Scoop is putting the arm on everybody for this column...

Bob McLaughlin doing fine, and The Chin is going to take command of the ball this year. Stick on in there, Chisel...

Ed Roach, The Vince, Stobby, The Podge and Robust Rice are all getting real shortitis (six-bits worth, like) and send howdies to all their chumlets...

And the shock (!) of the year is the Long John Huha out on the weights. Queried if he was going for a few bulges, he parried that he wanted the bulges only on the left and right-hand pockets of his strides...what a bulge, man!...

Pinky in #1 Dorm gets a widdle bluebird on his peachfuzz every night before he goes biddy-bye in the sack. It's goin' to grow in too, man...

"Munchin'" Maxam is always eating and the guy with the boudoir orbs is shaking it like

a trouper...

"Stoney" Stonefish putting all those little brown things in the mud mug in the morning. It still reeks, man, and the guy is a little sore and put out by it all (heh, heh, heh!)...

Jackie Doyle always with a smile and doing it like a real trouper. Great guy! Stay in the nice rut, Jack, 'cuz it all's gotta end sometime...

The Tactless One really livin' high off the hog these days, diggin' the crazy 78's; "If It's The Last Thing I Do," "Cry Me A River" — like what grows down there in Texas; Burpsi-Colas, new interior dec job on the sanctum... And to all the inquiries about The Tactless Texan's real geographical origin, Old TT is a sho' nuff dyed-in-the-wool Texican — and no other local resident can make that statement...

The Mouse did a stand-out job on the office and we appreciate the hours you put in, man.. But where's your union card?

For our money, little "Pete" Peters is one of the best when it comes to ruling the hand-ball court. Never beefs and he usually wins...

And for you, Mr. Fred Stahlbaum, take notice! When he calls you in, man, act real surprised-like... What's with the Weazel having his name changed to the Bunny?????...

Seeing is believing, men, and we just saw "Jolly" Johnny Rice. All two hundred and nineteen pounds of him. Seems he was halted in the hall t'other day and when The Man opened his coat to see what he had underneath the thing, out rolled his tummy. Is all that yours, man, or do you borrow from everybody you meet?????...

Four-inch speakers for one man's ears yet! What is it with you, Greg?...

No cigars from the Big Ron yet. Apparently the Bruins blew the bundle. Sorry, old chappy, but the scandal will be made known very, very soon unless you change your mind...

'Bye 'Bye to the Jake Isenberg, to Stoney, Gibby, and the rest of the guys who go ta-ta this edition. Take it real slow on the bricks and live like you like...

And for Ancient James Leslie on the Hoffman Press: Jim pounds out a mountain of produce on the old press and the guy asks nothing in return. Fond fellow is Jim but we wish he'd quit blubbering at the bridge table...

Ye Olde "Duke" Bullock still going strong

REELIN' & DEALIN'

as the Wizard of The Washers. Best clean 'em and sheen 'em guy in the jernt and dependable as tomorrow's sunrise...

Joe Houska looks down in the chops these days and he has a good reason, we hear. Then a few weekends ago the guy turned out all smiles. "Will you see that my pants are washed okay, Daddy-o?"...

And to Cyril and Sam, we shout hello and hope you two get back into shape viddy viddy soon. Beat us, steal our money, lie to us, but never — and we mean NEVER — go back on your word. Bad business, men...

And the most embarrassed twosome in the jail is the Big Stew and Big George Bedard. Seems they sat down to play a bit of bridge last week — with two mediochre players — and were skunked (whew!) twice in a row yet! That's like two times, man — yeh, two-ish like...

And our pal Ron in is lip action in the Dorm #2 — WOW!!!! How come Robbie couldn't crack after the guy gave him the tray ... You are the one sneaky gent we have been watching, Mister Bulge...

Wha' happened to the part-time membership, Al????...

Gerry Bell looking wistfully for The Ticket and it better come this time or The Blonde will be in for another season of mound duty — only this time without the Athletics behind him...

Little Lee piloting that Great Big Bus and him only four foot nothing...

The kid known as Taxi and the Dube are looking real shapeful these days and are they soaking up the sun 'n everything! And Chisel almost busted the ball screen when he came charging in to glove a fly ball. Joint-wrecker already yet! Nice card, Red, but it's all over but the weeping. Tombstone ... Big Miami tan, but no Caddy, Daddy-o — Will get you one, Swampie...

How'd he like those Glasses, Ron, old man? This is your last time in the rag, Joe Tow-truck... Did you really hate to see him go Roman? We heard you got real hungry in the last couple of months... Chomp! Chomp!... And the Fish-Hook is growing in popularity, eh, Ralph???

And Jack sends healthy greetings to the Gumboots Rimer and the Willie Menton across the road like... He's shaking everything very cool and is bursting with news but he'll save it for later ... much later...

Hey, Rice: is that all you? Gotta get a boost to see out the window yet... STOP THE

PRESS! Eddie Turner Got News from the Dodgers. The Barber tosses a 2-hitter at the Braves and loses 10-7. Oh, my shattered nerves! How 'bout that, Ed? Have no fear, man — we'll be there at the end of the year...

And the three no-trump contract in #1 Corridor the other p.m. Anybody seeing the Don Antone around can ask him about it. He'll probably go into a Chollie McCothie routine but the truth of the matter is the guy took only One trick!!!

Old Virge making like a walking skelton. The guy must have blown all of one (1) pound in the last four months. Gee, what a feller won't do to keep his age (ha!) at 29...

Al Corrie and the Roger Dodger have deserted The Bums??? They want back on the gravy train but Big Ed says "No!"... C'mon, Brooklyn...

And the silliest thing in The Bay for this month is to go out on the ball diamond to witness a certain Ancient One tryin' to play ball. What say, Ted? A knee excuse is better than none, wot? The new signs in Ye Olde Diamond Office are fine. "I'm Always Persecuted" and "Think, Man, Think!" The Tactless One is a talented one, and he's all shook up. Uh-huh-huh... And from the West Coast Fugitives, Ed Haska, Fred Shatford, and Duke Johnston to fellow compatriots in P.A.: Ray Blaine Jim Cherney, Jim Taylor, Tish Robinson and Solly Johnston, we freight a big Hi Ya! and everyone is fine...

And we certainly hope the Cabin Boy wasn't hurt when his name appeared on the scene. We'll make sure it doesn't happen again, young man, and we hope also that you do nothing to call for the return of The Cabin Boy to Reelin' & Dealin'...

And don't try to impress the wrong people, "Mister Baseball." We know you for what you are... Seems the truth might just come out if you keeping makin' like a big one...

And for the Big Ron we say hi and letting you know we will be down to see you on canteen day and get the see-gars. Seems the scandal sheet is a short one unless we fill in with your scandal...

STOP THE PRESS: 'Bye 'Bye to the Virg. Old (and we do mean O-L-D!) Will'um is leaving us and by the time this edition hits the streets he will be long, long gone — unless of course something detains him. Hmmmmmm? Take it slow in the race out there, Virg, and we'll make it our business to guzzle a few at the Barc when the TIME comes. You gotta pay, man, that's all there is to it. Nice and easy, Redhead. Dig you later...

And The Skinny One has a new wall decoration in the Radio Room: "Rumor Monger." You know, the thing actually favours you, Ralph? Right down to the bones! Old Radio Ralph reminds us of those Charles Atlas Bodybuilding ads — the "Before" picture, that is...

Hello, Ripper and The Rest. Nice weather and we hope you take in a little sunshine this summer... Hi, Ruthie and Mugsy... Get The Last Issue?... Man, are we hungry! Seems like the Dodgers will have us dead. Threatened not to eat till Dem Bums win 10 games without a loss. Seems as though the Brave Fans are all switching allegiance to Cincinnati... But we hang with Brooklyn, yeah, man. Hey, Ricky and Johnny! How are you two villains doing? Getting bigger every day... And no homers over the fence yet...

Seems the Senator checked in over the week-

end and the Big Stew told us it was the other way around... Better walk cautiously, Al; you're too far into the bit now...

Moe Farrell was cutting up on 1-Block last month-like, when Big Stan Smith came along and tried to get into the act. Now we ask you; how long can this go on? Maybe for nine???... and a half?...

Who is known as little wee Micky... who just make the appeal-like, and didn't want nobody to know nohow...? And thanx to Al Rogers in the Garage, we got the proper name. At least that was the initials we received...

Greetings to the Redhead... hope you're fine, and sure miss you, man, sure miss you. Tactless, Pops, Ralphie, and of course, Ray (fanfare!) send on best regards. Big Ceec and Big Rog from M-O, too... Still chaste, beh-beh?

A Litter Of Credit

by William Huddlestone

EVERYTHING started about two weeks ago, so it's best that I regress at least that far so I can explain how it all came about.

I had been up to the local pill factory via sick parade to see about getting some stuff to knock a sinus condition. On the return trip to the cellhouse corridor, a chum, headed in the opposite direction, yells over to me: "Where you been, Huddle? Up at court again?"

"Nope. Went up to see the doc for my annual ticker check-up," you reply lightly.

That's all there was to it, so help me. But the following couple of weeks were little less than hectic. Since that fateful day when I started it all by mouthing those innocent and jocular words, life hasn't been exactly the same.

For instance, the first evening I'm sitting in on a bridge session with three of my cronies when one of the guys looks hard at me and says, "Hear you made a ticket, Huddle."

"Ticket?" I echo ironically. "Deal the cards."

He shrugs and deals.

That night, after lock-up, The Man hands me a magazine sent over by some guy in #1 Block. A note slithers out from between the pages:

Huddle, Old Pal:

I don't know when you're going home — I just heard the news a little while ago from a very reliable party that you finally made your ticket, buddy. And I sure am glad for you, buddy. Congratulations, buddy. By the way, I'll appreciate your making arrangements to have me paid back for them three decks of weed you borrowed from me four days ago. Remember, buddy?...

I stared benumbed at the wall. And besides, I only owed the guy two bales — and I borrowed them only day before yesterday.

Next morning, in the breakfast line, Harry the Harpist approaches and extends his paw. Purely by reflex, I grab at his hand and give it a firm shake. Nothing falls out of it.

"Congratulations, Huddle," he says. "Heard all about it a couple of minutes ago. When do ya go?"

"What's all this?" you counter. "I'm not going anyplace!"

"Aw, hell, man. I heard you made a ticket." He jabs you lightly in the ribs and gives with the old wink.

"If I made a ducat, it's news to me."

His expression fades into one of askance for interminable seconds. Then a sarcastic leer slowly shades his face.

"Okay — play the coy type if you want to. But after all, man, you and me was always

A LITTER OF CREDIT

buddy-buddy, remember? If you don't want I should know, well..."

He walks away, the very image of injured martyrdom.

The remainder of that day was one of utter frustration and indecision. By three o'clock that afternoon, my nerves were so bad I had to make a desperate move to pacify my thyroid. I went up front and inquired in a squeaky voice if any ticket *had* by some accidental miracle come in for me.

All I got was a pained laugh and a limp wave of the hand.

On the way back to the cellhouse, it hits me like a ton of motzohs. Of course! Some goof must have overheard that conversation about my getting a ticker-checkup, thought I'd said "ticket" and took it from there. Hmmmmmm.

"Where you been, Huddle? On the carpet again?" (Ah-hah!)

I chuckle evilly inside myself as I face my inquisitor. A weird, nefarious plan begins to take form inside my twisted brain. I manage to stifle a sanguine cackle and assume an air of sincerity.

"Been up front, Warden's office. Just got a telegram that my eccentric Aunt Harriet died out in Edmonton and left me one of her pet cats," you deadpan. "I had to go up front just now to work out some sort of arrangements for the cat until I get out."

The guy looks back at me blankly and I leave him standing there staring at the wall, nodding mutely.

The following week was hectic. But not for me. I just sat back and took it all in.

"Hey, Sammy! Y'hear about Huddle? Some

aunt of his died and left him a new Caddie!
How 'bout that?"

"Hey, George! You hear about Huddle? His grandfather died and left him a cattle ranch out in Alberta — an' you know how much real estate is involved in one o' them Alberta ranches!"

"Harry, keep this to yourself, but I just got it straight off the griddle — Huddleston's rich Grandma just kicked off and left him five blocks of real estate in downtown Edmonton."

"Donny, I just got the news that the Huddle came into quite a pile from some distant relative down in the states. Some little town called Evansville. Think it's in Indiana. They're in the five 'n' ten store business. Imagine Huddle — another Woolworth heiress yet!"

"Hey, Mike! Hear about Huddle? His father-in-law is setting him up but big when he hits the streets. The old guy's got a share in the Cleveland Indians, owns a string of department stores in the states, and he's turning over ten percent of all his interests to Huddle as soon as he gets out. Pretty neat, eh? Seems he's tied in with the Woolworth clan somehow..."

"Hey, Joe. Just got the news that the Huddle's been pullin' a fast one on us. He's been givin' us that poor-boy routine for three years now and it just now comes to light that the guy is filthy rich! Ain't that always the way? Them that has, gets. The crumb!..."

These days, my mail is quite interesting. I average at least a half dozen notes to my cell each night offering to sell, lease, rent, or otherwise acquire — and my credit is limitless.

And besides, I've found out who my "friends" are.

Chocolate bar, anyone?

ON "BENEFITS"

In China about 2,000 years ago, the Council of Elders of a certain city decided to try to rid the city of rats, which were overrunning the place. Instead of leaving the responsibility with individuals, the Elders offered a socialized bounty equivalent to \$1 for each rat. Rat raising soon became a leading private occupation in the town, selling rats to their collective selves at \$1 each. Socialistic parasitism is suicidal, because there is no source of bounty except by taxing the citizens to pay them. "Benefits" boomerang against the collective of persons they are presume to aid. So this rat project in ancient China had to be abandoned. And their experience has an important lesson for the temptations of socialism any-

where, even for the elimination of an acknowledged evil. —Dr. F.A. Harper

ERRATIC CONSCIENCE

The case worker at the welfare agency in a Virginia town was interviewing an applicant who asked for aid for herself and her thirteen children.

"But I don't understand," the case worker said in surprise. "You say your husband deserted you ten years ago, yet eight of your children are under ten years of age."

"Oh, I can explain that, yes, ma'am," said the applicant, beaming. "You see, he came back now and then to apologize."

The best ten years of a woman's life are between 35 and 36.



Radio Ramblings



Rick
Windsor

** **

AND the little old Tom Kolson has departed the air waves at Oswego across the line for a different program in the afternoon. The loss is telling, man. We sho do miss you, man, and the saxophonish sounds are just no more. And for the Frank Dale we welcome you to the captive audience you hold hereabouts, and hope you'll remember us "Once In A While" with something by the Bostick, Sam The Man Taylor, Randy Brooks and Ella Fitzgerald. Lots of luck to Frank and continued success on the new assignment. As for you, Tom, we are with you, man, at all and sundry times — and we know you have the best there is to offer when it comes to spinning discs.

Billy O'Connor is returning to the television scene this summer with his own sponsor. Long a favorite with the Bay Crowd, Billy has been here to entertain us so many times in the past years that we've begun a movement to have a permanent number assigned to him here. We're looking forward to seeing him again this year — number or not! And lots of luck, Bill. We hope you leave them limp in the loges; or wherever they happen to be when you are tuned in.

Jimmy McPartland and the Little Woman, Marion, are at the Colonial in Toronto and that is one show we'd give a limb or two to attend. These two wonderful people are at their zenith and when it comes to jazz, they are way out. Need we elaborate further?

Tuned into the William B. Williams the other p.m. and caught the tail end of Poor Butterfly. Never cultivated any kind of goose-flesh over the tune previously, but like so many times in the past, The Devine One sold us before she finished the lyrics. Still tuned in to Wm., and hope to hear a bit more of the

Dinah Wash on the Monday evening blues session.

Last weekend on Monitor, we took a trek over to the Windy Town and Mister Kelly's emporium to dig some throbs from the Dynamic Dinah Washington in person. This chanteuse chants like nobody else can, and when she cuts loose on those big ones, we're lost. Like we're all shook up.

Noticed in the columns a few days back where Benny Goodman is coming back (as if he ever went away. Huh!) with a new group. When asked what he thought of R & R the man who thrives on GOOD music said all he knew was Swing and that's what the newly formed band was going to concern itself with. Just Swing. Seems like the good music might just happen to sneak back in before too long and we'll be able to sit back and do a little coasting instead of going into convulsions when some of the rather limp Rock 'n Roll vibrates the eardrums.

And for the gang at the Talk Of The Town at CKEY in Toronto, we say hello and want you folks to know that we, for four hundred and seventy, certainly appreciate the music, especially Ella's Vamp Of Savannah. Been a long time since yours truly laid orbs on the City, so we can appreciate very much your daily reports on happenings and events all over town we can stay caught up with things. Go, you Leafs! Hal Kelly and Joe Joe are with them all the way and so are we. The little World Series, too.

Well, my small but discriminate clan of readers, it's time to take five again and get a little sleep time 'cause the Editor says this teenager needs his rest. Says the kid looks all wilted out. Oh well, one can't go on being nineteen forever. Next time, gang... see you then.

Geography Affects Rehabilitation Program

By Reginald Hardy
Southam News Services

"Basic to a more modern and enlightened parole system would seem to be the establishment of either a single national parole board or a series of regional boards all answerable to the Department of Justice in Ottawa."

THE LATE W.L. Mackenzie King's observation that while most countries are troubled with too much history, Canada is plagued with an excess of geography, holds true in respect to the operation of Canada's parole and remission service. To put it simply, it's a good deal easier to keep in touch with paroled prisoners in countries like Britain, France and Belgium, with their relatively small land areas, than in a country the size of Canada.

If Canada could pattern her new system on the one which is now in effect in Britain, for instance, the work of these gentlemen currently studying Canada's penal system would probably be reduced by one-half. But again and again the problem of geography has intervened to complicate their task.

In short, there is no way of getting around the fact that Canada must devise a system which will meet the particular needs of a country which, while having an immense land area, possesses a relatively small population.

This respect of the problem is rendered even more complex by the fact that Canada's population is so unevenly distributed. Almost two-thirds of all Canadians reside in Ontario and Quebec. The rest are scattered (again, not too evenly) over the remaining provinces.

With the rehabilitation of the criminal an essential prerequisite of an effective parole system, the problem of great distances is one which must also be met by Canada's penal system. Federal penitentiaries must be spread rather thinly across the length and breadth of the Dominion.

There is only one federal penitentiary (Dorchester) to serve all the Maritime provinces. At the present time there is no federal prison in Alberta, and persons convicted of crimes in that province must go all the way to the penitentiary at Prince Albert in the neighbouring

province of Saskatchewan.

These are circumstances which do not make the work of rehabilitation any easier.

Take Canada's only federal penitentiary for women. Located at Kingston, Ontario, and operated as an extension of Kingston Penitentiary, it must accommodate female offenders from all the provinces.

It is not hard to picture the plight of a woman convicted in her native province of British Columbia being transported thousands of miles to the penitentiary in Ontario.

Separated from her relatives and friends for months, or even years, she becomes, as it were, a stranger in a strange land. Occasionally, perhaps, the individual would prefer such a situation. But more often than not she becomes lonely and discouraged. Certainly she is not apt to react as favourably to the prison's rehabilitation program as she would were she closer to home and familiar scenes and faces.

The same applies pretty generally to prison farms and other federal institutions where the accent is on rehabilitation rather than on mere punishment. There can only be a limited number of these, located at widely scattered points.

In Britain, on the other hand, because of the smaller distances to be taken into account, it has been possible to provide a highly integrated system which provides segregation of many different categories of offender. For instance, the British system provides no fewer than 14 different shades of Borstal care.

Geography makes it next thing to impossible to parallel such a system in Canada. We must cut our cloth to suit our needs...and our purse.

Nevertheless, there is much that can be done and it is expected that the Fauteux Committee will recommend important changes which will result in a much improved parole

The Inside Story

Recent news and events concerning things penological

Inmates To Make Police Munitions

PHILADELPHIA, PA. — Inmates at Holmsburg Prison are going to make bullets — and for policemen at that. Edward J. Hendrick, superintendent of prisons, says the bullets will be made in a foundry which will keep prisoners busy and save “considerable money each year.” However, the report states that prisoners will only make the lead slugs. Powder and jackets will be furnished outside the prison.

Charlestown Prison Lasts 152 Years

BOSTON, MASS.—Charlestown State Prison is no more —the last convict is gone, and the prison is being demolished to make way for a new highway. It served as a place of confinement for Massachusetts felons for 152 years; decades after it was condemned as unfit for human habitation.

Ireland's Prisons Offer Vacations

BELFAST, IRELAND — Many long term prisoners in Belfast are going to get summer vacations for morale improvement. For five years the prisoners have been permitted to spend Christmas holidays at home and all have reported back to the prison afterward. Authorities, as a result, have decided to try a one-week vacation for most felons serving more than three-year sentences. Officials are also considering an extension of their parole system as an aid to prisoner rehabilitation which would allow trusty class prisoners to take outside jobs, providing they return to the prison each night.

Britain Plans Penal Reforms

LONDON, ENG. — Britain is planning penal reforms aimed at:

(1) Shorter sentences.

(2) Prison pay at levels which would enable prisoners to earn their keep, maintain their families, compensate victims of their crimes, and save for the time of their release.

(3) Change for prisoners from the discredited job of sewing mailbags to responsible, worthwhile jobs like electrician, engineer, plumber and radio mechanic.

(4) Adoption as much as possible of jobs for prisoners outside the prisons.

Home Secretary R.A. Butler, outlining the MacMillan government's plans for penal reform, told the House of Commons that for centuries the idea of punishment has been too dominant.

He looked to the day when “we come to think of our prisons as a place where an offender can work out his personal redemption by paying his debt not only to society but to those of its members whom he has wronged.”

Mr. Butler reminded the Commons that the United Nations had noted this subject for special study. Other countries have been thinking along progressive lines. But the Home Secretary seemed obviously determined that Britain should take the lead in giving effect to these reform ideas. From all sides of the Commons came warm support for the Home Secretary. There was an inspiring nonpartisan atmosphere during the debate.

Mr. Butler, in his penal reform plans, is doing a job he likes and which most other people are in accord. The Secretary admitted there was a lot of work to be done to achieve the needed reforms. The government wanted a policy of shorter sentences.

U.S. Executions Decline

WASHINGTON, D.C. — The U.S. federal prison bureau recently reported 65 executions were carried out by civil authorities in the United States during 1956 — 11 fewer than in 1955, and only three more than the record low of 62 in 1953. This, the bureau said, marked a continuation of the trend toward less frequent use of the death penalty in America. Six states accounted for 39, or 60 per cent of the 65 executions. These were Mississippi with eight, Florida and Texas seven each, Georgia and New York with six each, and California with five. One man was hanged in the state of Washington.

Public Service

SAN QUENTIN, CALIF.—A total of 273,864 man-hours of emergency duty in fighting forest fires throughout the state of California were utilized by inmate fire fighters of San Quentin Prison during the year 1956, according to figures contained in a recent report. The figure is more than four times the average man-hours spent at fires by firemen of a city the size of the state capital.

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Mexico's Newest Prison Without Bars or Locks

MEXICO CITY, D.F. — Mexican penologists are betting more than a million dollars on the idea that all thieves are not criminals. Mexico's Fabrics de Hombres Nuevos will look more like a college campus than a prison and is expected to revolutionize Mexico's penal system. Inmates will live in open dormitories without bars or locked doors. There will be a special hotel-like building for prisoners' overnight visits with their wives. Mexican penologists plan to make reform work by training inmates to earn a decent living. A committee will be set up to find jobs for prisoners once they complete their sentences.

Authorities expect the modernistic stone and glass buildings now going up on the outskirts of Mexico City to be completed by July of this year. One of the most unusual aspects of Mexican penal system is the practice of allowing inmates to have conjugal visits with their wives. Under the present system, visiting wives must share their husbands cells. But the new prison will have a 20-room building for

complete privacy.

** . . . ** . . . **

Prisoners Write Children's Books

JACKSON, MICH. — From behind the bleak walls of the Southern Michigan Prison at Jackson, a young convicted slayer and a forger are writing tales of the outdoors and children's stories. The prison authors, William Morey, 22, serving a life sentence for murder, and Robert Dale, serving 5 to 14 years for forgery, write under the pseudonym of Dale Morey. They are netting about 40 per cent of their stories accepted for publication. They are now working on an illustrated children's book entitled, "Timothy, The Timid Tiger." Most of the money they have made will be used for art supplies to illustrate the new book, they said.

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Refuses Parole To Teach School

SANTA FE, N.M. — John Corpier, serving a life sentence in the New Mexico State Prison for forgery, is foregoing his immediate freedom so that he may help thirty-four other convicts to gain a fair chance at a decent life. Corpier could have left prison for a good job in his home town three months ago. He refused parole to remain behind bars and continue teaching radio and television electronics to a group of prisoners.

"These men wouldn't be here if they had ever had a chance to get an education and make a decent living," Corpier said. "If they can learn this electronics business and get a license from the FCC, it means they will have their chance for the first time, and they won't be back here again."

GEOGRAPHY AFFECTS REHABILITATION PROGRAM

Continued from Page 25

and remission service.

Basic to a more modern and enlightened parole system would seem to be the establishment of either a single national parole board or a series of regional boards all answerable to the Department of Justice in Ottawa.

It will be the duty of the parole board or boards to keep in close touch with every offender, from the moment he enters a federal institution of correction to the moment his return to society is considered a safe risk.

An extension of parole regulations, of course, presupposes the establishment of a corps of trained parole officers. This may take time. But the adoption of such a system should result in a substantial reduction in Canada's prison population.

Not only should it save the taxpayer a great deal of money, but, probably more important still, it will enhance the offender's chances of being able to re-establish himself as a useful member of society.

And then there was the Army sergeant who always called a spade a spade until he hit his foot on one.

Love — the feeling that makes a woman make a man make a fool of himself.

Opening Day

By
William Huddleston

With the opening pitch of the Official Softball Season here at The Bay, came the crimson-clad brass band, the deft ball-playing prowess of the starting pitcher (the Warden), the catcher (Canon Swan), the batter (Father Devine); and the lusty cheers from the packed spectator stands. The traditional and long-awaited cry, "Play Ball!" has been sounded and the race is on!

** _____ ** ** _____ ** ** _____ **

Sunday, May 12th, saw the official opening of the Softball Season here at Collin's Bay. The rain that had threatened all morning was beaten out by a determined Sol during the noon hour respite and it turned into a fair, balmy afternoon.

To start off the activities, we were treated to a wonderful display of marching and playing by the Princess of Wales Reserve Band from Kingston. It was an impressive spectacle to watch the sun glinting off the flashing cymbals, the flying drumsticks amid the colourful red coats of the precision-trained unit. The time and rehearsal these men must employ is reflected in their precise bearing and polished performance as witnessed here.

I would like to state, however, that I consider these men to be much improved over last year ... if that is at all possible.

After marching diagonally across the playing field, the band came to attention and faced the stands. There followed a medley of marches, topped off with two selections, "Cherry Pink and Apple Blossom White," and a Cha-Cha number.

Did the spectators enjoy it? Well, if the continuous and totally spontaneous rounds of applause were any indication, we'd be safe in saying that it was well received indeed.

By way of individual credit and recognition for their selfless contributions to the opening of the baseball activity here at The Bay, we present the bandmen:

Sgt. J. Kidd, Drum Major	Sgt. Sakell
Sgt. M. Morris	Sgt. B. Grant
Sgt. K. Hart	

L/Cpl. R. Lawrence L/Cpl. C. Fullerton

Pte. R. Hare	Pte. H. Kane	Pte. R. C. Tait
Pte. R. Hearn	Pte. R. Wright	Pte. R.I. Tait
Pte. W. Hillier	Pte. F. Harvey	Pte. R. Smith
Pte. J. Travers	Pte. R. Morey	Pte. H. Clarke
Pte. McKerrachen	Pte. F. Orser	

Pte. D. McIroy

Pte. R. Knowlton Pte. R. Murray

Pte. J. Brown

Special thanks to these men for an outstanding performance, and to their chief, Lt. Col. MacArthur.

Special guests, invited by the local Inmate Council, included the perennially popular Joe Woodhouse, the man responsible for the appearance of so many of the stage shows we have enjoyed in past years (and I am sure we will have one of Joe's stage productions here at The Bay before too long in the future).

Another man who is becoming quite well known inside these hallowed (?) walls by virtue of his willing assistance to so many of the men here was Doctor H.L. Tracey, of Queens University. His pleasant smile and sincere handclasp have always been greatly appreciated by those who know him.

Also in attendance was Art Young, of Abramsky's in Kingston. Mr. Young is the gentleman who so generously donated a piano to the men at K.P. some time ago.

The two Great Guys of The Bay were also on hand. Yes, Father Felix Devine and Canon Minto Swan.

The first ball was pitched by the boss-man, Col. V.S.J. Richmond, who received quite a mixture (!) of applause as he stepped gingerly up to the mound. He took the crowd's good-natured recognition in stride and went about pitching two balls to the batter, Father Devine, as Rev. Swan undertook the dual role of catcher-umpire. The "pitcher" sent one in that would have gone for a called strike except for the sharp eye of the "batter," who laced into it with a hefty belt, knocking the pill for a grounder along the first-base line.

Deputy Warden Herbert Field who is looking much better following an operation some time ago, made certain he didn't miss opening

"Well, Blow Me Down!"

By

William H. Perrins,
President, Institute for Philosophical Research,
Hialeah, Florida

Yes, sir! Clear the scuppers and blow me down! Did you ever hear the like? "Convicts are being adopted!" It says so in the Weekly Progress, the penal paper published by prisoners at Marquette, Michigan. It appears that the townspeople of South Walpole, Massachusetts, have suddenly woken up to the fact that prisoners are not "caged beasts"... as generally reported, but human beings like themselves. It says that "Virtually every evening a group of Walpole businessmen, doctors, clergymen, lawyers and school teachers pass through the gates of the big prison." They are Volunteer Good Samaritans sparking an extensive hobby among the prisoners.

It seems that the South Walpole prison is a sort of new idea in penology with more liberal treatment and understanding by the authorities... and see, they are getting chummy and palsy-walsy. All I can say is that they must have been "reading my mail"... or my papers... as I have been gunning for such a condition for over two years. Truth to tell, I have found prisons almost as hard to get into (with

new ideas) as they are to get out of; but South Walpole has proven to be one of the most responsive... once I go in, so to speak.

I was able to help Frank Gracey and Mike Sorrentino form a "stamp club" and Mike even wrote a couple of articles for my paper. Tom Vigrolio, Editor of their paper, "The Mentor," has also been most helpful in circulating reprints of my articles.

Well! As I say. You can "blow me down" or "knock me over with a feather," and I'll get up laughing for joy that businessmen are taking an interest in convicts. And if there is only half the urge behind that idea such as I have, that sort of thing will soon spread to every prison on the continent. Not only will they have new-type prisons like South Walpole, but businessmen will find a heart-warming and rewarding career in sponsoring... shall we say "underdogs"... such as prisoners. I don't quite know what got me on to it but I think it was this: That everyone has a latent desire to play the role of "Good Samaritan" but haven't found quite the right way to do it.

OPENING DAY

day, and was accompanied by Chief Keeper Downton.

The first game got off to what looked like a run-away contest in favour of the Cubs as they scored three markers in the second frame. The contest remained scoreless until the fifth stanza when the Dodgers came roaring back to make it a 3-2 contest. The game held no more scoring but the tension was mighty high during the last of the seventh inning. With two down and nobody on base, Big Al Rogers stepped up to the plate and sent a long fly ball screaming to right center field. Rick Windsor, the man who has shattered many a hope of the opposition with his catching and fielding prowess, streaked for the fence, got his glove on it, but it rolled onto the green.

Rogers, after a tie-up with Big George Bedard at first continued to pick up speed as he rounded second. Jim McGregor retrieved the ball and fired it home. As it streaked for home

Continued from Page 28

plate, it was almost a tie decision but Al was the loser by a split second and the game climaxed with the 3-2 scoring, the laurels going to the Cubs.

With the kind of ball played, it is difficult indeed to single out any individual players for stellar mention here, but I think Al Rogers, who always contributes well in any contest, deserves a star as does little Eddie Green who pitched a bang-up game for the Cubs. And of course, we would be remiss in not mentioning George Peters. Little George seemed somewhat nervous in the opening innings, but once into the game, he settled down and sent his share of the opposition's batters walking back to the players' bench.

In closing, I should once again like to express thanks to those of you in here and outside these walls who helped in making this a real Opening Day.

THE PENAL PRESS SAYS . . .

A little thought will show that no improvement can be made in any object or idea until a criticism has first been made. If there is no criticism, if no fault is found, the object or idea will be regarded as perfect, or as not subject to favourable alteration; its status quo will thus be assured automatically.

—Philip Wylie

Cop A Plea

When the lights go down low, and the wing is quiet, and all you can hear are your doubts and fears... How tough are you then? If life seems to be pushing you around, don't reach for the old self-pity. That stuff is counterfeit and strictly a bum deal; the thing to do is ask yourself who's responsible for your grief. Maybe it's yourself, and if it is, the thing to do is cop a plea and sentence yourself to a period of self-improvement...

Pen-O-Rama
Montreal, P.Q.

Prison Fantasy

The reality that surrounds us cons is so unpleasant that we sometimes retire into the realms of make-believe. One day five of us were sitting in the prison yard when one of the guys looked at an ad in a magazine. "Wish my mother had a home like that," he said, pointing to a little red brick bungalow with a green roof and shutters. One of the other fellows took the magazine and flipped the pages. "That's what I wish my ma had. A car. So she could come and see me once in a while."

Then the magazine was passed to Bill, but he just sat there, musing. We thought it strange because we knew his mother didn't have anyone left in the world but him, and she loved him, too. We had seen some of the wonderful letters.

Finally Bill spoke up. "I wish," and his voice sounded as if it were coming from the other side of the wall, "that my mother had a good son."

We were all quiet after that.

—R.W. Crane
The Clock
Boise, Idaho

There Is Little Doubt

The psychologists who should know, condemn all forms of punitive violence as being

socially harmful. Personal observation leads me to believe that society is the chief loser in this matter of corporal punishment. We are not living under ideal social conditions but humanity as a whole is moving slowly forward. Our customs, institutions and laws are modified by this progress. There can be little doubt that future generations will consider many of our present accepted practices as barbarious, abnormal and sadistic. To me, the idea of a human being abusing his fellow man whether authorized or not, is odious. Certainly this should be brought to an end.

—Clyde Robertson
The Pathfinder
Prince Albert, Sask.

Bane Of Minorities

The publisher of a small town newspaper was talking to his new scribe about editorial policy. "If I were you, I wouldn't write much about gambling," he advised, "because some of our stockholders indulge in an occasional hand of poker or they like to play the horses. Nor would I take too strong a stand on drink. Many of our big advertisers take a frequent nip."

"All right," the new editor agreed. "You've told me what not to write about. Now suggest a safe subject for editorializing." The publisher thought a minute and then answered, "Well, you can give the Irish hell. There's only one in town."

—The Spokesman
Georgia State Prison
Reidville, Georgia

Holidays! Humbug!

All year long your neighbor tries to beg, borrow and steal anything he can from you; comes New Year's Day, he wishes you a Happy New Year to get you in a good frame of mind so he can continue his campaign for another year. You wish yourself a Happy New Year by going out and getting soused. These holidays are a bunch of stuff to me! I celebrate the following events:

1. The first publication of the Kinsey Report.
2. Every Saturday night (providing my date will pay for it.)
3. My first release from jail.
4. My second release from jail.

5. The day the Navy decided I wasn't helping the war effort.
6. The day the school superintendent broke his "wand."
7. My first experience with home brew.
8. Any other time I am in a position to do some celebrating.

—Eddie Chapman
The Insider
Washington, D.C.

Deft Definition

Be careful about calling yourself an expert. After all, an "ex" is a has-been. And a "spurt" is a drip under pressure...

—The Harbinger
Kansas State Reformatory
Hutchinson, Kansas

Trying Days

One of the most trying days for many men in this institution is when visitors from outside come in to entertain us or attend one of our local productions. As we take note of the neat business suits and sharp clothes we envision the things we miss behind these walls and remorse sets in. Occasionally one of them will pass on a word of encouragement which may give us the strength of purpose to continue the struggle to improve ourselves...

—Mountain Echoes
Manitoba Penitentiary
Stoney Mountain, Man.

The Other Side

I believe every warden, prison administrator and penologist in the country is becoming more aware of the Penal Press and its ability to uncover those problems and factors which have hidden too long behind an outright oppression. For so long as our prisons were regarded as isolated fortresses which housed human "untouchables," to be cut off from the world of free people, their daily lives channeled into aimless objectives, then we could truly say that modern penology lived in the shadow of the dark ages. Fortunately, some did not regard prisons as lost causes that were necessary to the public good. These men fought to overcome public distrust, disinterest and apathy; fought to obtain the interest and help of legislative bodies; and fought for the right to establish more reformatory and less punitive programs in their institutions. True, there are a handful of prison publications which are riddled with official censorship and domina-

tion while loaded with official propaganda. These emasculated and so-called voices of the Penal Press are noted for little but their uselessness.

—Warden Percy A. Lainson
The Presidio
Fort Madison, Iowa

One Man's Farewell

After more than thirty years of paying my debt to society, I can see the end of the trail and a long and arduous one it has been. The bad could have been badder and the good could have been gooder. I am glad that I have been able to endure it with my chin up, but a man may be laughing outwardly while crying inwardly. Only God and I know how futile these past years of my imprisonment has been.

—George Kimes
The Eye Opener
McAlester, Okla.

Oom Pah Pah!

San Francisco's Citadel Brass Band, twenty seven pieces of integrated brass musicianship, camped on the Big Yard Sunday and played for three smooth hours. A large gathering of listeners, many of whom found themselves strangely liking the measured beat of the Salvation Army outfit, greeted each offering with generous applause.

Said one: "Man, it ain't Dizzy Gillespie—but they sure blow, you know?"

—San Quentin News
Calif. State Prison
San Quentin, California

Crime Immemorial

Some blame the schools; others blame the parents; a few cry that the "church is not doing its job", and some of the crackpots claim "rock 'n roll" or calypso inanities are greasing the slides down which the youth of our nation is rapidly zooming to perdition. We can see that each of these has had its fair share of uninspiring influences and natural errors in judgment; but no one or all of them can be charged with responsibility for the gradual decline in the moral fibre of our nation as a whole as noted in the last 30 years. Youth has been subjected to similar trials since Adam and Eve and thrived on them...

—Weekly Progress
Branch Prison
Marquette, Michigan

The Tactless Texan

Being an amused peruse of the news and other trivia.

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An inventor from the automotive world has concerned himself with the high rate of robberies. He has done his share for the public good by whipping up the "Holdup Signalling Device." This little gimcrack is manually controlled and adaptable for use on cars, trains, banks, or anything else which can be held up.

In its simplest form the gadget consists of an illuminated sign which, when activated, flashes the word, "HOLDUP." The mechanism has a hydraulic contraption operated by the driver of the car, the teller of the bank, or other victims of a robbery. The sign itself is designed to move up and down on its apparatus until the cops or other help streaks to the scene of foul deed.

Now whether or not a sign would deter a would-be car thief is a moot point. Many folks don't even pay attention to "Keep Off The Grass" signs. Anyway, there doesn't seem to be a lessening of holdups since the patent was granted five years ago...

** ** ** **

Speaking of cars, a dealer in Detroit put up a sign challenging, "Take any car on the lot for a trial run." Thieves promptly drove off in three of his best.

** ** ** **

Sacre Bleu! And a movement is on in neighboring Quebec to soften the arty culture of cussing. One educator has launched a campaign to replace blasphemy with harmless-meaning words. For instance, one choice tid-bit currently being touted as suitable replacement for an unprintable and unwholesome oath is "sirop d'erable." Translated, it comes out innocently enough as "maple syrup."

Dang it! If the trend catches on, a revised French-English dictionary will be required reading in order to translate all the new-fangled, dad-blasted cusswords! Everybody knows the first words an outlander learns of a new language are the more colorful epithets. Now, The Tactless One will have to start learning all over again. "Maple syrup," indeed.

And a cotton-pickin' "nom d' un chien" to y'all, too!

Month's Most Intriguing Headline:

Five Yards of Rope Latest
In Women's Necklace Styles

** ** ** **

Incidental Intelligence Dept: Charles Dickens's real name was Timothy Sparks Cecily Isabel Fairfield Andrews. Just as well Mr. Dickens made his mark in the field of letters. With a monicker like that he would have been justified in turning to a life of crime in order to live it down.

** ** ** **

And this month's prize editorial award for outstanding community service goes hands down to the Toronto Star which asks in a recent editorial, "Are Crazy Drivers Sane?"

** ** ** **

Lesson of The Month Club: Most ornithologists agree that the Brown-Beaked Fink, sometimes referred to as the ratbird, approaches the lowest level of birdlife. In reality, it is not a true member of the bird family. It possesses highly sensitized ears and keen eyesight. Because of its chameleon-like features, it is difficult to describe a Brown-Beaked Fink so that it can be readily recognizable. Some observers have advanced the theory that the Brown-Beaked Fink is ashamed of its lowly origin and aspires to be a carrier pigeon, thus accounting for its many disguises. This theory is supported by the fact that members of this species are constantly engaged in carrying messages to the bird keepers. It is not known whether the keepers or the birds first instituted this practice, but it is accepted that most keepers do not approve of Brown-Beaked Finks as regular inhabitants of the sanctuary although they must put up with them as an apparent necessary form of bird life.

Strange as it may seem, the Brown-Beaked Fink thrives under the protection of the game laws that permit no open season.

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Month's Most Ominous Headline:

Marilyn Monroe
Will Kick Off
At Soccer Game

A certain denizen of the local pot-and-pan-nery offers the spontaneous thought: "Money isn't everything in life. There are some equally important things... like stocks, bonds, letters of credit, drafts, travelers cheques..."

** ** ** **

And should you ever run afoul of the minions in Klamath Falls, Oregon, you should be here advised that the local constabulary frowns on such things as good popskull are made of. For instance, when prisoners sent their weekly orders for cigarettes, chocolate bars and magazines to a nearby store, the jailer intercepted and rejected one list. It contained the following requirements: Five pounds of white rice, one large can of pineapple juice, two pounds of seedless raisins, ten pounds of sugar, and two cakes of brewers yeast.

The good citizens of Rockaway Beach, N.Y., may affix one gold star each to their report cards for their recent collective display of unqualified honesty. Item: A cleaning man left the bank open over a recent weekend and nobody took a dime.

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Ode To The Sponsors:

Boston Blackie, Counterspy,
Marshal Dillon, Your F.B.I.;
Save a client, girl, or nation,
While we make this cuff notation:
Radio Sponsors pay and pay
For most all crime that's done today!

CLOSE SHAVE?

A Broadway playboy had a closer shave than he bargained for in a barber shop recently. His manicure girl was very luscious and the playboy suggested dinner and a show that evening.

"I don't think I ought to," said the girl demurely. "I'm married."

"Ask your husband," countered the playboy lightly. "I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"Ask him yourself," said the girl. "He's shaving you."

A VISION PENETRATED

Mankind is now in one of those rare moods of shifting its outlook. The mere compulsion of tradition has lost its force. It is the business of philosophers, students and practical men to re-create and re-enact a vision of the world, conservative and radical, including those elements of reverence and order without which society lapses into a riot, a vision penetrated through and through with influencing rationality.

—Alfred North Whitehead

WINGS OF COMMERCE

Halfway around the world, Major James Beardsley reports, one of the B-52s on the historic non-stop flight slowed down to allow the tanker plane to get into position above it. Refueling in the air is a tricky operation and the crew of the B-52 was a bit tense. But as the flying boom was lowered and got close to the plane, tension vanished. At the end of the boom was a sign: "We give S & H Green Stamps."

IN THE SPIRIT OF THINGS

My darling wife was always glum,
So I drowned her in a cask of rum,
And thus made sure that she would stay
In better spirit night and day.

ON MATURITY

The human being is born self-centered. To be sure, he has yet no clearly defined "self" in which to center. But even less does he have any power to relate himself to other selves. One of the most important phases of maturing is that of growth from self-centering to an understanding relationship to others; from egocentricity to sociocentricity. A person is not mature until he has both an ability and a willingness to see himself as one among others and to do unto others as he would have them do to him.

—H.A. Overstreet

The Mature Mind

So Elvis Presley is lousy, but how many
li'l ol' Cadillacs have you got? —L. LeBlanc
Pen-O-Rama

Paying a debt to society is not so straight-forward a matter as confinement in prison. In time the great steel gates roll backwards. Freedom is granted. Citizenship is renewed. But the story doesn't end, anymore than it begins at that juncture.

Would You Hire a Jailbird?

by Scott Taylor

THe post-release period is fraught with perils for the mass of men leaving prison. Financial needs; accommodation; seeking employment; "living down" or vainly concealing the past; adjustment; jockeying for acceptance; wrestling with temptation. These are but a few of the perils. The greatest of these is employment.

"Be honest with yourself. If you were the head of a big business would you hire a jailbird?"

The Observer, who writes for the Family Herald, discusses this question in an article published recently, and makes three illuminating observations which this writer wishes to pass on to readers of The Diamond.

Think about this question: "Would you hire a jailbird?"

Read this! The Observer says, "I realize that for one reason or another, men and women will break laws society has set up to protect itself, and we must have jails. But I definitely subscribe to the concept that a prison term is designed to set a man straight, not condemn him forever to the rank of outcast."

Sound thinking? Logical? The immediate purpose of a sentence must be to protect the community from the depredation of the man who cannot be trusted, to send him to prison in the hope that while there he may mature, be deterred, or develop his talents to the point where he can realize the folly of a criminal career. But, remember that this protection is short-lived unless it extends beyond the day of the prisoner's release from prison.

Society must accept the fact that in order to aid men in rehabilitation, they must be willing to help them upon their release from prison. Something is decidedly wrong with a society that can lock a man away in prison, deprive him of his freedom, routine his every movement and dictate everything he shall and shall not do for a specified number of years, months, days...and then, when his time is served, completely turn its back upon him. Turn him out with no purpose or aim, offer no helping hand, then expect him to conform to all the rules of a society that he has forgotten how to live with.

You can't reform men in prison. Surely we

have proven this in the past. But you can instil in him a desire to reform. And with just a little help after release, a lot more men would make it all the way back to complete reformation.

Would *you* hire a jailbird?

The second point the Observer considers in his article is 'character as a criterion' in hiring men released from prison. His answer to this problem is so simple, so straightforward, that we make no further comment, other than to quote him:

"I think I would take the attitude that what was passed was ended; where we went from here depended on each of us. Nor would this be any greatness of spirit on my part. I apply it to other aspects of people's lives. It seems to be almost a law of the universe that you get from people exactly what you expect.

Would *you* hire a jailbird?

Finally, the Observer asks, "Does self-righteousness mean immunity?"

His answer to this provocative question is not a revelation, but just a charitable Christian attitude that so many professed Christians do not share.

"It would be a very rash man who would label one person incorrigible and himself as righteous. Under the circumstances, or possessing the weaknesses, that lead one man to jail, what would you or I do?"

The same old cry, you say? Listen; we prisoners are the first to admit that it is a hell of a lot easier to pose a problem than a solution. And employment of prisoners upon their release is a major factor in dealing with recidivism. We are not attempting to rationalize the fact that some of us are repeaters. Nor are we placing the blame for our position on the fact that we could not find work. We are only trying to pass on information gleaned from countless talks with other prisoners who have faced the problem of finding employment after their release.

Would *you* hire a jailbird?

It's an interesting question. How would you answer it, Mister Citizen? We'd appreciate your views and comments on the matter, and will surely publish all correspondence, pro and con.

SPEAKING of SPORTS

with Rick Windsor

On Saturday, May 4th last, the Kingston United soccer team again paid this Baghdad by The Bay a sporting visit. This time the contest was somewhat closer in final scoring and the visiting sharpshooters were held scoreless until the last ten minutes of play when they scored three times while the C.B. All Stars countered only on one occasion. The game was cleanly played throughout and there were no penalties. The game was rough in spots, however, and the clubs on either sides tried their best to break through the opposition's defensemen.

With the visitors leading 2-1, and with just three minutes remaining to play, the All Stars made a last effort to tie the score. The United team got a break-away and put what proved to be the winning marker in the net with just one minute remaining in the game.

The line-up for the All Stars went like this:

Rodgers, Chappelle, Hiesel, McLean, Windsor, Binks, Cornwall, Lowery, Lundrigan, Laramee, Shaver, Simpson, McLaughlin, Antone, Robinson and Kolba.

Starring for the home team were Rodgers, "Chip" Chappelle, and Ralph Lundrigan. The game was well received here by spectators and we are looking forward to meeting the United aggregation again sometime in the Fall.

As the leaves begin to bud on the trees, we turn now to the local versions of the American and National Ball leagues.

In exhibition games played over the past two weekends, we witnessed several promising ballplayers who should carve a niche for themselves during the coming season.

With this issue we intend to have a few of the line scores from the games already played, but as of this writing, here are the teams and the way they shape up for the coming season:

BRAVES

Lepine, James, Rodgers, Lundrigan, Perry, Allison, Roach, Weir, Robichard, Free, and Turner. (Lundrigan-Mgr.)

DODGERS

Bell, Winfield, Borowski, Bouley, Marshall, Sullivan, O'Brien, Delarosabel, Rochon, Harrison, Antone and Priestly-(Mgr.)

PIRATES

Crowe, Chartrand, Menard, Saunders, McLean, McLaughlin, Hiesel, Enosse, Myers, Watson and Bruneau. (Menard-Mgr.)

CUBS

Green, Willsie, K. Bell, Simpson, Hickman, Peters, Windsor, McGregor, Bedard, Goodwin and Drisdelle. (Simpson-Mgr.)

One trade has been made in this young season and that is between the Braves and the Dodgers. Big John Rodgers has been traded to the Dodgers for "Pinky" Borowski. The above-mentioned teams are known as the National League, formerly The Majors.

Before going into the American League and the line-up in that circuit, I must say that we were a bit disappointed on the weekend of May 4th, when the Peterboro All Stars had to cancel out a scheduled game with the Sinners. The team paid three calls here during 1956 and they were severely trounced on each occasion. We are looking forward to the day when we can play the Kingston Pen Saints at home or vice-versa. Johnny Fox, the Commissioner in the National League camp is doing fine things with his chain of teams and John promises to make this a better season for all involved.

The umpires are ready to go and we are awaiting the "Play Ball!" cry that begins the National League race.

In the American League the teams line up like this:

RED SOX

Geros, McLaughlin, Laramee, Burchell, R. Smith, Scott, Atkins, Parsons, Laviolette, F. McDonald, Stevenson, Haravan, Snider, K. Smith and Young. (Laramee Mgr.)

TIGERS

Rodgers, Harvey, Reimer, Guggins, Billington, Marsden, Lowery, McCarty, E. Parr, Bugow, Hurst, Leslie, McInnis and Gratton. (Marsden Mgr.)

YANKEES

Cardinal, Geauvreau, Judge, Cuneo, R. Shatford, Bullock, Gregoire, Johnston, K. Hill,

Stewart, Ialenti, West, Karns and Hooley.
(Hale Mgr.)

INDIANS

Palmer, Haska, V. Parr, Ross, Buhnia, McDonald, Kightley, Aubrey, Hutchinson, Archer, Hottot, Schmeel, Wallace, McKay and Yee Clun.

That is the way the teams shape up in the American League for 1957. They too, await opening day and are looking forward to a fine season under the supervision of their commissioner, Jolting Joe Jackson.

Before the season gets under way I want to take time out so we can get off to a good start. The game is played for the sportsmanship and we are the ones who will be setting the example out there for all the new fellows to follow. I hope we have a good season and want to wish all participants as well as spectators, a fine season and may the best team win.

The weekend activities got under way and the results were not surprising. All teams saw action and the field was a little muddy. The results of the games played are as follows:

In the American League the first game was one of errors and misplays of every-variety. Being the first game of the schedule, the players were a bit nervous, and this is understandable — and though they tried hard, they just couldn't seem to connect with the elusive horsehide.

And before going any further, we want to say we are not picking three stars for the coming season. The man that keeps the official scores is the guy who will be in charge of that department from now on, and all the stars of the game, best hitter, etc., will be of his exclusive choosing.

For the first game of the season, the stars have been nominated as: James, the catcher for the Braves. This fellow is comparatively new to The Bay and he caught a fine game and collected a pair of triples in three times at bat.

The second star of the game went to Simpson, the manager, and the 3rd baseman for the Cubs. Simpson played his usual strong game at third and connected for the circuit with an inside-the-park home run.

And the scoop of the game (and again, this is straight from the Scorekeeper — not your reporter) is that the center fielder for the Cub aggregation, one Rick Windsor (obviously a pen name) made a boo-boo and allowed the ball to roll lazily between his legs. And he isn't bowlegged, either.

The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Braves	0	0	6	0	6	1	0	13	8	8
Cubs	0	1	4	5	2	0	0	8	8	4

Winning Pitcher: Lepine

Losing Pitcher: Green

The second game was an outstanding contest and we will be lucky to witness a better game during the remainder of the season. The contest ended in a 1-1 tie, and the teams fought hard all the way. It featured great pitching and clutch playing on the part of everyone on either team. The star of the game went to Colin Crowe for his pitching chores. He struck out nine men in five innings and allowed but one run and four hits. The second star of the game went to Gerry Bell, who pitched for the Dodgers. Gerry gave up just two hits and homered in three at-bats to account for the lone run. He looks to be in great shape for the season just now getting under way, and if he improves any more over last year, you just won't be able to get to him.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	R	H	E
Pirates	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	1
Dodgers	1	0	0	0	0	1	4	0

Winning Pitcher: None; game was tied.

On the morning of May 12th, the Pirates and Braves bounced each other around for seven innings and the final outcome was a victory for the Pirates. The stars of the game were Chartrand, catcher for the Pirates, for his fine effort and hustle behind the plate, plus a home run in the third inning.

Heisel, center fielder for the Pirates, made a fine running catch over his shoulder in deep center field to rob the batter of a sure home run.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Braves	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	4	4	2
Pirates	5	0	2	3	0	0	0	10	8	7

Winning Pitcher: Crowe

Losing Pitcher: Lepine

Sunday afternoon, May 12th, saw the opening day ceremonies performed despite the threat of bad weather. The league races were officially started by the warden, Father Devine, and Padre Swan. Then the game of the day was begun and it was a thriller from start to finish. The final score of the contest was 3-2, but the game had to be seen to be appreciated. The star of the game went to Al Rodgers who came to bat in the top of the seventh

inning with his team trailing by one run. With a two-strike pitch on him, Rodge belted a long drive to deep right field that had "homer" written all over it. Had it not been for the new fence out there, Al would have gone all the way. He was thrown out, however, at home plate on a relay from Jim McGregor to Eddie Green who whizzed a strike to Bob Willies at home plate to get the sliding Rodge at home. Both teams fought hard for the winning laurels of this initial opener, and it was a keen display of smooth plays and entire team efforts.

The box score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Dodgers	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	4	3
Cubs	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	2

Winning Pitcher: Eddie Green

Losing Pitcher: Gerry Bell

The second game was an equally fine display of ball playing and the final tally of this grind handed the victory to the Braves by a 6-3 count. The star of the game went to Ray Lepine, the little man who fired a great game in the clutch to give his team their first victory of the year.

The box score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Pirates	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	3
Braves	0	0	1	3	2	0	0	6	7	6

Winning Pitcher: Raymond Lepine

Losing Pitcher: Colin Crowe

This sums up the activities in the National League camp for the weekend of May 11th and 12th. Now for a look at the American Loop and the happenings of the contests in that circuit.

Saturday, May 11th, saw the first game of the season made into a wide-open affair. The Red Sox emerged the victors by a whopping 17-9 tally, but the score does not give the Tigers the credit they are due for their ever-present spirit of hustle in getting back into the game. Manager Larry Laramie of the Red Sox has a moving ball club and Fred Marsden, manager of the Tigers, has a lot of know-how to get the best from the least. The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Red Sox	4	5	1	3	0	4	0	17	22	3
Tigers	5	0	0	3	1	0	0	9	12	3

Winning Pitcher: Roy Giroux

Losing Pitcher: Rodgers

The second game of the day saw the Yankees and the Indians tangle in a real toe-to-toe slugfest with the Yanks standing as the victors of a 12-10 dust-settler. The difference in the game was in the error department. The

Yanks made a total of 5 while the Indians went to 9. Paul Judge, K. Hill, and Kightley were the stars of the game with sterling plays throughout the entire affair, especially in the batter's box. The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Yankees	2	1	2	3	1	3	0	12	12	5
Indians	0	0	1	1	4	3	4	10	13	9

Winning Pitcher: Hill

Losing Pitcher: Palmer

The game Sunday morning, May 12th, was a return engagement between the Red Sox and the Tigers. This was another example of hustle on both sides. The Sox came out on top, however, in this 12-7 tussle. The Tigers got off to a bad start when the starting hurler gave up a total of eight hits after the first two batters had been retired. The third man at the plate got on base via an error, and, as the old saw says, "all hell broke loose."

Ancient Bob Lemon just never had it after that. The stars of the game went unanimously to R. Smith of the Red Sox for his good showing at third base and for his three hits in four trips to the home dish. Snider and Harvie were the second and third-slot stars and they, too, played a competitive game all through-out the fiasco.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	R	H	E
Red Sox	8	0	2	0	2	12	13	3
Tigers	1	0	1	3	2	7	7	2

Winning Pitcher: Roy Giroux

Losing Pitcher: J. Leslie

The only game played in the afternoon of Sunday, May 12th, which reached completion in the American League saw the Yanks and the Indians at it again, this time in a more evenly balanced show of strength. The Yanks came out on top of a 7-4 showing. Two newcomers to the local sport scene played well during the course of this session. They were Vern Parr and young Kerns. Parr handled all chances at first base without an error to his discredit while collecting a home run in three treks to the platter. Kerns, in center field, had three for four at bat; collected a pair of RBI's and homered as well. He looks real snazzy out there in center and covers infield plays with a sparkle whenever the occasion arises.

Although the Indians out hit the Yanks 9-8, the Redskins made boo-boos behind Palmer and thus accounted for the difference in the contest.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Yankees	2	2	2	1	0	0	0	7	8	2
Indians	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	4	9	8

Winning Pitcher: Cardinal
Losing Pitcher: Palmer

Now for the American League games as played on Saturday, May 18th: This tussle involved the Yanks and Red Sox with the Yanks on the wrong end of a 23-16 donnybrook. All the batters were teeing off both pitchers and home-runs, triples and doubles were the order of the day in this debacle. I think it was but four singles that were batted in the entire slugfest. Harvey Snider again proved to be the big gun, belting out three circuit clouts, a single, and a walk in five trips to the plate. The Red Head accounted for five of the runs that scored and he himself scored an additional five times. Wee Sam McLaughlin starred for the Red Sox, and kept opposing team from stealing bases with strike-like tosses to the three different bases. Sam is a new addition to the ball scene hereabouts and he has the makings of a good catcher.

Cardinal was the big gun for the Yanks at bat and collected a single, a pair of doubles, and a homer in five trips to the plate. He drove in two runs and scored three times.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Red Sox	6	0	5	6	3	2	1	23	18	6
Yankees	0	6	3	1	4	2	0	16	16	12

Winning Pitcher: Geroux

Losing Pitcher: Cardinal (replaced by Hill in 4th)

The second game of the day featured the Indians and the Tigers in another battle of the bats that saw the Redskins edge the toothless Tigers 16-14. Each team had eleven hits, but the Tigers committed ten errors and there you have the difference. Vern Parr once again had a field day on the playing field and took part in the second double-play of the game. Parr is certainly welcome to the American League. J. MacDonald played his usual fine game at second and was instrumental in knocking down bids for base hits by the opposition. Nice game, Mac — and stay in there.

Art Lowery finally got back into condition and, like last year, collected a pair of hits and drove in three runs. He played a neat position at shortstop, and one play in particular (sent to the hole behind second base) where he speared a bullet drive to throw the runner out at the first sack.

The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Indians	1	6	0	0	1	2	6	16	11	5
Tigers	0	0	0	2	11	0	1	14	11	10

Winning Pitcher: J. McKay

Losing Pitcher: B. Suave

Sunday morning, between drops of rain and downright cold, the Yankees and the Red Sox booted their way to a phenomenal scoring which the Yanks ultimately pulled out of the fire with the final score reading 16-15. The Yanks had but six hits while the opposing Red Sox collected an aggregate 13. The Red Sox lobbed thirteen balls and made the big difference in the game. Manager Laramee sprouted many new gray hairs in this contest and promises to make some changes in future line-ups (unless, of course, some of his guys get out there on the field and make like ball players.)

Don Geauvreau starred for the Yanks with his fine play at third base, and when he came in to pitch to the "Duke Snider of The Bay" (in the person of one Harold Reimer — a real Brooklyn fan) and struck him out for the first time this year, the crowd responded nicely.

Paul Judge played a good game at the initial sack and grabbed hot grounders and made sparkling plays throughout the entire game.

Roy Giroux pitched for the losers and gave up only six hits. He fielded well on the mound and collected a triple, a double and a pair of singles in four trips to the plate. Nice game, Roy — and better luck in your next trip to the mound.

The box score of the game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	R	H	E
Yankees	0	4	6	3	2	1	16	6	3
Red Sox	2	1	5	1	3	3	15	13	13

Winning Pitcher: Karns (Geauvreau in 6th)

Losing Pitcher: Giroux

Sunday, afternoon, the Tigers and the Indians tangled again and this time the Cats were the victor to the tune of 16-8. Big Rogers pitched one of his better games so far this season and had a pleasant time of it throughout the entire affair. For three innings he had the hitters baffled with his blazing fast ball and struck out six of the eight men he faced at the plate.

Heavy Harvey did well behind the plate with the catcher's chores, keeping the infield on its toes and had a good day at the plate. J. McKay had a ball in left field and covered the third sack chores with aplomb on several plays while collecting a pair of singles and driving in two runs in four times at bat.

The box score of the game went like this:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Tigers	3	0	1	1	0	5	6	16	12	7
Indians	0	0	0	1	0	3	4	8	7	7

Winning Pitcher: Rogers

Losing Pitcher: Palmer

The games in the National League for the holiday weekend are not available at this

writing but we will have the scores and highlights of these games for inclusion in our next session with these pages.

Till then, this is the "Young" Rick, saying we are all amateurs and we play the game for the game's sake. Thirty and gone, man, gone...

No Indispensable Man

Sometime when you're feeling important,
Sometime when your ego's in bloom,
Sometime when you take it for granted
You're the best qualified in the room;

Sometimes when you feel that your going
Would leave an unfillable hole,
Just follow this simple instruction
And see how it humbles your soul:

Take a bucket and fill it with water,
Put your hand in it, up to the wrist;
Pull it out, and the hole that's remaining,
Is a measure of how you'll be missed.

You may splash all you please when you enter,
You can stir up the water galore;
But stop, and you'll find in a minute
That it looks quite the same as before.

The moral in this quaint example
Is: Do just the best that you can,
Be proud of yourself, but remember;
There's no indispensable man.

—Anon.

The Irritations of Man

Few persons, indeed, realize how hostile they are, and our ignorance does not help us in attacking the problem of this inner force which menaces humanity today as it has throughout history.

For men treat moralistically, heatedly, vindictively, an emotional force which they repress and do not wish to see in its full intensity within themselves — rather than facing it frankly, objectively, and scientifically, like a disease or any other force of nature.

It is obvious that so intricate, fundamental and universal a reaction as this quick mobilization for flight or fight must play a fateful role in human life and human affairs. Many are the frustrations of everyday life, hence there are few who do not endure constant

frustration, constant irritation and hence constant anger.

As Thoreau once said, "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation." The irritation may be physical or psychologic, internal or external, real or imagined. It may arise from a decayed tooth or a miscarriage of justice, from feelings of inadequacy due to prolonged and excessive dependence on one's parents, to an unhappy home life, or to years of mistreatment during childhood, from loss of a button, or loss of a friend, from living under a leaky roof, from an uneasy conscience, or from exposure to battle conditions.

Whatever the irritations, man fights it by trying to attack and destroy the source, or by escaping; and his feelings are anger and anxiety.

—J.B. Saul

Our Readers Write....

THE LAST WORD

Got a beef or a bouquet? This is *your* page, so let fly. Reader reaction is the only criterion on which to plan future editions.

The Editors:

First off, let me say I rather enjoyed your last issue. Keep it up, men. Your editorial was just fine. Happy to see you note the passing of a real man's man, Tom Runyon. This E. Ford fellow — the guy has the stuff. Roses to you guys for publishing F.M. Morton's "side." To me and to others in the institution it disproves the ever so-rampant rumors one must "be in the clique." Actually, I believe you did look twice at it, huh? Was his the only other "side"? I guess it is tough to get the "Brains" to put it on paper. Most just gad about yakking. Quotations of Quality very well chosen indeed. Retlaw Gif: "If You Wanna Play, You Gotta Pay." This type of stuff okay in its place, but I can't place it. Doing a deuce? (Several times that. — Ed.)

Radio Ramblings: I suggest The Tactless Texan take this thing. I've not been so well entertained in a long time. Land o' Goshen, the man knows his recordings! The man is a perfect disc jock. (Flattery will get you everywhere with The Tactless One! — Ed.) He should be fine on a column, huh? Tell him for me I heard *not one single beef* and I am The Shadow; I should know. Who's this "The Rick" anyway? He the sad-looking fellow in the tonsorial parlor? ("The Rick" says the only reason for the sad countenance is he's frustrated because he can't unmask The Shadow! — Ed.)

Smith's article: Somebody had to do it. "What is a Judge?" a very good selection. The Inside Story: very, very good. This page will be widely read, I'm sure. Roses to the guy who picked 'em. Poetry in Prison: Okay. Fine. Particularly the bit by E. Ford! Pretty fine thought it was; proves we are not all animals. The Texan — this guy is good, for sure. (For what? — Ed.)

Reelin' & Dealin': Batting high, Billy boy. I know about sixty guys who, on issued The Diamond, flip right to your page first! Man, you sure get those names in there and that's what they want. Keep at it. Incidentally, did you know your page is always looked for on

the exchange in other pens? Names, names, names. You are getting a little more humor in too, which is fine. (Let your breath out now — your chest ain't *that* big!) Any opinions on forgery affairs lately? (Willie purveys a negative shake of the head on that one. Ed.)

The Problem Of Reform: Need more of this stuff — keep at it. Penal Press Says: This chap's choosing will get better as time goes on. Check Mountain Echoes closely from now on as there is a decided improvement in that mag. The short piece by A. Matthews is okay. The guy in charge is pretty good. He faced a lot of bad debts, is overcoming the "Brains" out there now, it seems.

Well, I don't envy you guys in the least. All in all, I'd say you're doing a fair job of it. I know the "rules" are pretty realistic. Keep it up; you can't please 'em all. Just watch the "credit" tripe, that's all I ask. Guy's got an axe to grind, run 'im out, I say! All is riz with the biz... T'ank youse...

The Shadow knows...
The Shadow goes!

** ** *

The Editors:

Just a bit of mail for you today to let you know I enjoy The Diamond very much. I wish you well...

Mrs. A. Duff
Corinth, Ontario

** ** *

The Editors:

In our magazine we have a little of everything... You and your staff are doing a fine job. I hope to have something to contribute to a future edition...

H. Read

How Are You Fixed For News?

Prison news, we mean! For instance, did you know Canada's prison population now exceeds 5,000? And that each year there is a turnover of 100,000 prisoners within federal and provincial institutions? Or that in area, Collin's Bay Penitentiary is the largest in Canada?

These facts may be new to you, and that's our way of getting around to suggesting you subscribe to The C.B. Diamond — because each monthly issue of The Diamond is crammed with news items and facts ranging from Adam to Zoology — but all pertinent to the penological scheme your taxes help support.

We'll gladly send you our next 12 issues for a \$1 subscription — a bargain hard to improve upon in these inflationary times!



BE INFORMED! STAY INFORMED! READ THE C.B. DIAMOND REGULARLY

(If you are already a subscriber, we'd appreciate your passing your copy on to a friend and urging him to subscribe too!)

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PRISONERS ARE PEOPLE

The Man In The Glass

When you get what you want in your struggle for self
And the world makes you king for a day,
Just go to a mirror and look at yourself
And see what that man has to say.
For it isn't your father or mother or wife
Whose judgment upon you must pass;
The fellow whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the one staring back from the glass.
Some people may think you're a straight-shootin' chum
And call you a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.
He's the fellow to please, never mind all the rest,
For he's with you clear up to the end.
And you've past your most dangerous, difficult test
If the man in the glass is your friend.
You may fool the whole world down the pathway of life
And get pats on your back as you pass.
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the man in the glass.

—Anon.

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